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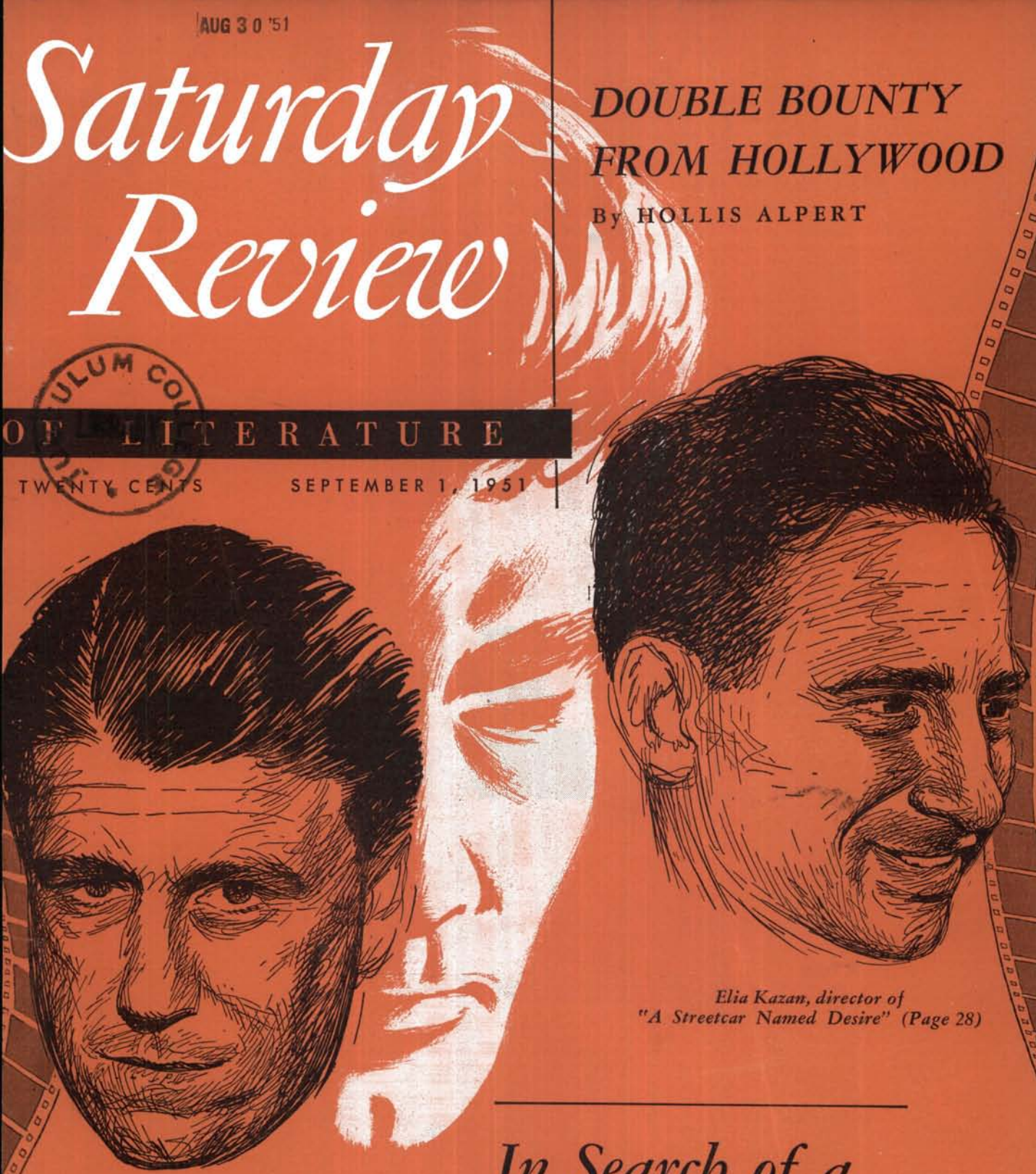

George Stevens, director of "A Place in the Sun" (Page 28)

Elia Kazan, director of "A Streetcar Named Desire" (Page 28)

In Search of a Canadian Accent

By J. B. BREBNER

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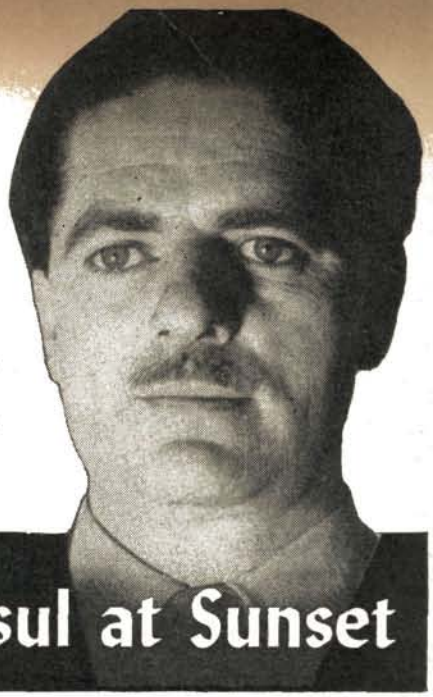

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September 1, 1951

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Association, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXIV, No. 35, September 1, 1951. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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TRADE Winds

HIS BRIDE having sailed to Ireland to dispose of a string of thoroughbred horses, Mr. Jack Baragwaneth, engineer, bon vivant, and author of the much-dedicated "Pay Dirt" (Doubleday), found himself at loose ends for part of the summer. Not one to overlook an opportunity of this sort, Miss Mimsie Mink, of the Excello Society Service, an operator who combines

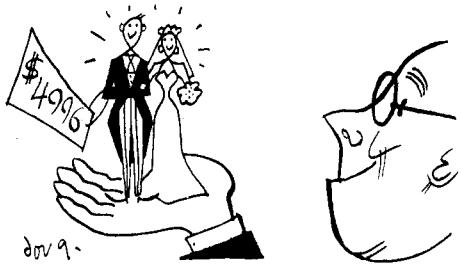
the unerring instincts of a Leonora Hornblow with the sensuous beauty of an Alicia Patterson, whipped out the following offer to a selected clientele:

Dear Madam:
We are pleased to announce that this summer we shall have available the services of Mr. John Gordon Baragwaneth, widely known here as Jack the Hayhopper, in most European capitals called The Ace.
Mr. Baragwaneth's time during this period will be at your disposal for dinner, soirées, weekends, and above all, special services, at appropriate rates. He has an extensive and elegant wardrobe, a charming garment for every occasion. Wise, courteous and witty, a splendid conversationalist, with the body of a Greek god and mind like a steel trap, Baragwaneth is an adept at all games. He can make a grand slam; he can make a natural canasta; he can make a tricky wicket shot; he can make a hole in one. And he can make time. Plenty.
Applications will be considered in order of their receipt.
Faithfully yours . . .

Despite a canard circulated by a jealous rival to the effect that Mimsie Mink's honeyed come-on bore a remarkable resemblance to the rococo style of Baragwaneth himself, offers poured in from all quarters, none of which was rejected. Basically a literary man at heart, Baragwaneth was particularly touched by a proposition received from a fellow scrivener. She signed herself Louisa May Alcott, but Baragwaneth suspects that this may just possibly be an alias. She wrote:

Sir:
Your circular letter received. As a professional lady who has always disliked dealing through agents, I am writing you direct. By a curious coincidence, my services will also be available during the summer months. The writer begs to inform you that she is known both hither and yon as Cuddly Cornelia the Spring Bender (Editor's Hint: How many writers are named Cornelia these days? This one seems to go Skinner deep) and that she has the mind of a Greek goddess and the body of a steel trap. She is the ideal partner for every supper party, the consoler for every hangover, the responsive Leda for every swan.
It occurs to me that rather than waste our glorious selves on fulfilling the various applications with which we shall both be deluged, we might discuss some form of cooperation which would undoubtedly be satisfactory to us both and thereby spare ourselves many tedious hours.
There is only one point over which we may experience difficulty in reaching an agreement: who pays?
Respectfuly . . .

THE STATISTICAL department of Brides House, Inc., bullish by nature on everything pertaining to matrimony, announces that the average wedding presents a whopping $4,996 sales opportunity to alert merchants. Furthermore, that figure includes only what's bought by the bride, groom, and members of the wedding troupe, and does not take into account the gifts, a few of which are likely to be leather-bound dictionaries and sets of Dumas and Dickens. The chief items of expenditure are: household equipment, $1,633; home furnishings, $1,820; dresses, $360; coats and suits, $225; lingerie, $219; luggage, $180; shoes, $106; linens and bedding $181; millinery, $96. Paste these figures in your



hat, and the next time somebody groans "What price matrimony?" you'll have a pat answer ready! . . . Brides House also predicts that thirteen persons out of every 1,000 in the country will choose a mate during the coming year—and Dale Carnegie will see to it that most of them read "Ideal Marriage" before taking the vows. . . . The mother of comedy-writer Hal Block came to New York for a wedding recently, and Hal took her on a round of the hot spots. His success on the "What's Your Line?" TV program had enhanced his reputation to such a point that headwaiters and major domos obsequiously escorted him to ringside tables in the most exclusive boîtes. While Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis performed practically in their laps, Hal said proudly, "Well, Ma, what do you think of your boy Hal

now?" "Hmph," she snorted, "you must be some heavy tipper!"

IN PITTSBURGH, Fred Bowes, Jr., of Pitney-Bowes, regaled a U. S. Chamber of Commerce meeting with these illuminating definitions:

Socialism. You have two cows and give one to your neighbor.
Fascism: You have two cows; the Government takes both and lets you buy back some of the milk (skimmed).
Communism: You have two cows; the Government takes both and shoots you.
Capitalism: You have two cows; you sell one and buy a bull.
Capitalism under a certain administration: You have two cows; the Government takes both, shoots one, milks the other—and throws the milk away.

IN HANOVER, Jackson Martindell, president of the American Institute of Management, told a Dartmouth class in business administration that "earnings in themselves are no longer the sole or even the best criterion of management achievement." He listed ten main functional divisions of management, and then named the famous U. S. corporations he rated highest in each category:

Corporate Structure: General Motors
Economic Function: American Tel. and Tel.
Health of Earnings Growth: U. S. Plywood
Fiscal Policies: E. I. DuPont de Nemours
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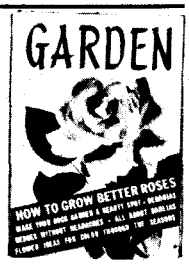

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JUST BEFORE old Doc Lytton retired to write his memoirs, and turned the practice over to his son, he reminded the newly graduated young man, "One thing you got to bear in mind with patients in a small town, my boy. They find it hard sometimes to describe their symptoms accurately to you. Others hold back important details out of fear, bashfulness, or sheer orneriness. You gotta keep your eyes open and notice significant details for yourself.

"Take the case of fat Mrs. Jones, for example. Only thing wrong with her is that she stuffs herself full of candy all day. How do I know? You'll always see a dozen half-empty boxes scattered all over the house. And Mr. Duncan. Liquor's at he bottom of that attack he had last night. I happened to notice an empty gin bottle in his trash basket. By observing details like that, you'll save yourself a heap of diagnosing!"

"I get it," said the son. The pair were about to enter the apartment of a luscious damsel who tossed fretfully about her bed. The new medico listened to her accentuated heartbeat, felt her fevered brow, then whipped out his thermometer. It slipped from his hands, but he recovered it quickly. Finally he told the damsel, "Nothing wrong with you that you can't cure by cutting down on your political activity. I think you're taking that part of your life a bit too seriously."

When they were back on the street, Doc Lytton asked his boy, "Where did you get the notion she was mixing too heavily in politics?"

"I just followed your tip about keeping my eyes open," said the son. "When I reached down to pick up that thermometer I'd dropped, *I saw the governor under the bed.*"

—Bennett Cerf.

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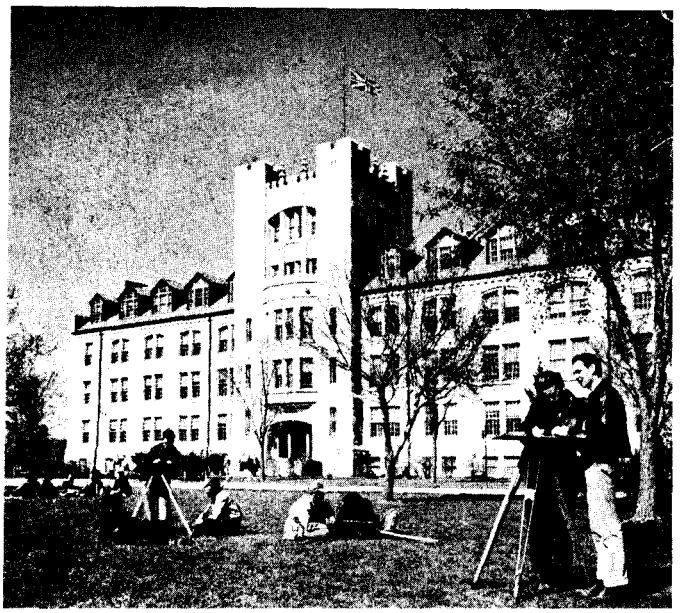
The Saturday Review of Literature

In Search of A Canadian Accent



—*Canadian National Film Board.*

Manitoba University—"enterprise in humanistic scholarship."

J. B. BREBNER

J. B. Brebner

FROM almost any point of view Canada has been an extraordinary country. For almost two centuries she has contradicted American Manifest Destiny, has survived independent of the continuously expanding United States, in spite of two prolonged attempts at conquest by outright war and two filibustering, not to speak of less violent methods. Indeed American annexationism, during the decade before the Treaty of Washington of 1871 laid the foundations of understanding among Great Britain, the United States, and Canada, was the principal stimulant to the federation of Canada from Atlantic to Pacific that took place between 1867 and 1871.

For twenty-five years that blueprint of nationalist faith seemed an unrealizable dream, in spite of the construction of the railroads from Halifax to Vancouver that were to serve as the skewers for a mixed grill of seven sharply-differentiated, harshly-separated, little societies that totalled less than five million persons. By 1895 Canada had ground down to a stop and millions had emigrated to the United States, when the tide suddenly turned to a flood of prosperity and growth that has since been unparalleled elsewhere on earth.

Now, in 1951, her fourteen million people operate an astonishingly productive economy; she is the principal associate of the United States in trade, transportation, and investment; and, instead of exporting human beings, she is trying to import them in order to meet unsatisfied demands for manpower. Contrary to general belief, she has been a predominantly industrial, urbanized country for thirty years, and, by exporting about a third of her production and importing in proportion, has become fourth or fifth among the trading nations of the world.

Nonetheless, this half century of political and economic fulfilment, resting on three centuries of stern wrestling with circumstances far less favorable than those of the United States, has presented serious problems and has kept Canadians tough and canny. The domestic autonomy achieved in 1848 had to be extended to recognition of external autonomy by somewhat resistant other nations. A grand politico-economic inquest by Royal Commission between 1937 and 1940 was needed to demonstrate and propose remedies for the inequities in regional standards of living that had grown up under central Canada's exploitation of a misinterpreted federal constitution. Over ten years of all-out commitment in two world wars between 1914 and 1945 accelerated Canadian growth so enormously as to demand great adaptability to change as well as enterprise and endurance in her unpredictably large achievements. By any informed standards, Canada achieved nationhood, politically and economically, after 1896, and adapted it to rapidly changing internal and external circumstances.

ALL THE while, however, indeed for about a century, it has been vainly expected that Canada would also automatically flower out into cultural nationhood. An interested person could draw up almost parallel passages of American laments and exhortations about the reluctant emergence of a national culture, say before about 1912, and of Canadian equivalents down to the present day. One outburst, that of the Canada First movement, accompanied federation. Another, of mixed sorrow, anger, and bitter debate, kept poets and publicists on edge during the depressing Eighties and Nineties and died away in unreal pro-British and pro-French manifestoes between 1896 and 1914 when intoxicating prosperity pushed the imponderables into the background.

After 1918, when Canadian achievements in the arts, letters, and sciences became substantial and in some senses national, a series of sustained discussions took place which revealed the existence of candid, sophisticated cri-

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tics who were freeing themselves of parochialism and of what had come to be called Applied Canadianism. That is, a few persons, while earnestly seeking whatever there might be of unique Canadianism in their arts and letters, were less concerned with it than with their more general esthetic and intellectual merits.

During World War II two groups originating at the University of Toronto managed to conduct investigations and publish provocative reports on the Canadian climate for culture which coincided with many new developments and expectant stirrings. The interest persisted after the war, particularly since the immense growth during it was followed by boom instead of by depression. The conviction began to spread that since private expenditure and philanthropy were manifestly inadequate for all the cultural ends that Canadians were trying to attain, and since the state was already deeply involved in many of them, from broadcasting and films to libraries and museums, an inquiry ought to be made into what existed, what was needed, and what the state could do without diminishing the freedom in which alone intellectual and esthetic gifts might flourish.

The late Prime Minister, Mackenzie King, and his successor, Louis S. St. Laurent, responded by setting up in April 1949 a Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters, and Sciences, with the Right Hon. Vincent Massey as chairman. After two years of investigation and thought, it has published a "Report"* which is the cultural counterpart of the "Report on Dominion-Provincial Relations" which followed the great inquiry of 1937-1940. It is not so bulky in itself and in its appendices, and copies of the briefs submitted to it and of its minutes of evidence have not been distributed as widely as were its predecessor's, but it constitutes a kind of investigation and formulation of politico-cultural policy that should enliven Canada and be profitable reading in other nations, particularly those of cultural variety and federal constitution.

The five commissioners—two from Quebec and one each from Ontario, Saskatchewan, and British Columbia—did a prodigious job, traveling 10,000 miles, holding 224 meetings, receiving 462 briefs, and distilling their findings and ideas into a remarkably unanimous, interestingly-written, and forceful report. Their biggest problems were connected with the mass media of broadcasting, television, and films, where national enterprises, for nationalistic ends, compete with private; and with the press, where an irresistible flood of publications pouring in from the United States dwarfs Canadian production.

IN ADDITION, they considered the huge, uneven, and neglected area in which public institutions such as galleries, museums, libraries, and archives operated in sometimes curious relationships with voluntary bodies. They surveyed the urgent present problem of universities (public and private) financially unable to support appropriate enterprise in humanistic scholarship, and of artists and writers whose encouragement and remuneration were often so slender and dubious that emigration to the vastly larger American market was plainly indicated. Finally they concerned themselves with Canada's unfulfilled responsibilities in UNESCO and with the projection of Canada abroad.

Their responses, as might be expected from Canada's past and from her federal structure, were highly adaptable to what existed already and constituted, in terms of general principle, ingenious compromises between laissez-faire and state intervention on the one hand and between national and provincial authorities on the other. In spite of the elaboration and particular qualifications of the "Report," which might serve to contradict almost any generalization, the whole has a coherent character. It is ardently, persistently nationalistic. It is obsessed by fear of engulfment by an imagined monolithic American culture; in fact, any American who has been puzzled by failure of Canadians to behave as he expected them to might learn a lot from the "Report's" most conspicuous, emphatic, and passionate chapter, entitled the Forces of Geography. In it, while the manifold benefits of neighborhood to greater strength, variety, and generous philanthropy are rehearsed, the pervasive perils of that dependence are stressed again and again.

Like the two unofficial reports that emanated from Toronto a few years ago, the "Report" is an elaborate sermon on the theme: "If we in Canada want a more generous and better cultural fare we must pay for it." The vexed question is, of course, whether the payment ought to be to public and semi-public bodies from taxes or to private enterprises from consumers. Following the tradition of a "mixed" system of public and private enterprise that has characterized Canada from its beginnings, the Commission also votes for both, but in the hotly contested area of broadcasting and television it is firm in maintaining the superior authority of the public corporation, largely as a power in reserve. And all across the array of cultural enterprises from films to folklore, the commissioners cheerfully contemplate both substantial capital expenditures and sustaining funds from the public revenue. A Canada threatened by "intellectual and moral annexation" ought to spend freely on the attainment and the defense of a national culture.

THE PROPOSED great operative agency in these matters (including Canada's international responsibilities and projection abroad) is an adaptation from British and French experimentation—"the Canada Council for the Encouragement of the Arts, Letters, Humanities, and Social Sciences." (The natural sciences have had their National Research Council, informally since 1916 and on a statutory basis since 1924.) Its complex responsibilities and powers cannot be rehearsed here, but it should be thought of as a central clearing house engaged in investigation and advice rather than as a great dictatorial engine of power and expenditure.

Its chairman and vice-chairman would be salaried officials with a secretarial staff, and its other thirteen members would be paid their expenses and a daily fee while engaged in Council business. It would be concerned, on its own initiative and by representations from outside, in estimating existing and proposed cultural agencies and responsibilities and in recommending ex-

* *Report of the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters, and Sciences, 1949-1951. Ottawa, Canada: King's Printer.* 517 pp. $3.50.

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penditures in an awe-inspiring range of enterprises from buildings to ballet, university scholarships to information services.

Granted that such a "Report" was bound to be defensive against the United States and emphatic in advocating national rather than regional culture, both of these things seem to have been overdone. Even in a document designed to wake up Canada and to enlist the federal government towards greatly-increased expenditures on enterprises hitherto starved or completely neglected by it, it would have been healthier and more realistic to subordinate the negative and defensive to the positive and the outgoing, and, above all, to stress variety as the nurture of free development.

Neither Canadian nor American culture has been or is monolithic, in spite of the mass media in North America. One need only read the letters to the editor of any large American or Canadian periodical to realize the stubbornness of local tradition and of variety in human temperaments and inclinations. New Englanders and Maritimers, Middle Westerners and Ontarians, plainsmen on both sides of the 49th parallel, Washingtonians and British Columbians, understand each other and misunderstand people from other North American regions with careless ease.

THE BROTHERHOOD of oil men from the Rio Grande to the Mackenzie, and other brotherhoods in farming, mining, forest operations, transportation, manufacturing, and finance are more international than national and by their diversity keep North America the lively, surprising place it has always been. And for a number of reasons, chiefly man's desire to belong to something distinct, Canada itself contains several stubborn special loyalties to traditions stemming from France, the British Isles, the Vatican, and the United States.

The French Canadians, in the course of their passionate devotion to survival as a separate entity, have a motto: "*Soyons nous-mêmes*—Let us be ourselves"; but they seldom stress that slogan in its positive aspects. Yet that would seem to be the recipe for a nation's cultural health—to learn to know itself and to live out that knowledge as vigorously as posible. One could wish that the "Report" had been less alarmist about American menaces to Canadian culture and more confident that many Canadians had sturdy cultural interests of their own which, pursued to fruition, might benefit both Canada and a world always interested in high achievement regardless of its origin. A mature Canada could borrow without guilt and give without boast. That condition can hardly be said to be reflected in the "Report." In spite of some eloquent instances of vision into the future, for the most part present fears and propagandistic urgency rob it of philosophic depth.

More attention might profitably have been paid to the tough and testy debates, usually in "the little magazines" during the Thirties and Forties, during which Canadian critics in search of Canadian essences sounded the knell of colonialism and of Applied Canadianism. Traces of colonialism still persist: the search for protection against assimilation which makes French Canadians exaggerate their identities with France, the Vatican, or Latin America; makes English-speaking Canadians exaggerate their Britonism; and makes "New Canadians" of all sorts cling to their original ethnic traditions. The decline in the power of Great Britain and rise in that of the United States have encouraged the persistence because of the need felt for anything that might diminish Canada's enormous commitment—economic, social, political, strategic—to the United States. The threat of a real colonial status evokes unreal colonial attitudes. Yet neither these nor Applied Canadianism carry any substantial conviction or assurance.

On the other hand, long arguments among painters, poets, historians, and literary critics between the wars distilled some Canadian essences upon which greater reliance could be placed. When the outside world admired—and bought — Canadian paintings, welcomed a poet like E. J. Pratt, published a novelist like Morley Callaghan or Hugh MacLennan, even translated the novels of Gabrielle Roy and Roger Lemelin for publication, it was evident that these artists had something to say irrespective perhaps of their Canadianism. No one has yet systematically put together the conclusions reached by Canadian, American, and European critics of the Canadian achievement, but a few preliminary generalizations might be risked.

(*Continued on page* 31)

Canada Comes of Age

A HISTORY OF CANADIAN EXTERNAL RELATIONS. By G. P. deT. Glazebrook. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.50.

By L. L. L. GOLDEN

LAST APRIL Canada's Minister of External Affairs, Lester B. Pearson, surprised many Americans when he said at Toronto that "the days of relatively easy and automatic political relations with our neighbor are, I think, over."

The immediate cause for Mr. Pearson's views are, naturally, not made clear in this book. But the reader will find here the development of Canada's position in external matters and the clue to Canada's insistence on running its own affairs, an unwillingness, as Mr. Pearson said in the same speech, to "be merely an echo of somebody else's voice."

George Glazebrook, the author, is now a counselor in the Department of External Affairs. Before he entered the Department he was a history professor at the University of Toronto and a close student of Canada's developing foreign policy. It was not, as Mr. Glazebrook points out, until the First World War that Canada really began to embark on its own foreign policy line, moving away from being what Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Prime Minister at the time, called "toy automata."

The book is in two parts. The first, originally published in 1942, is now reprinted with no changes, and is an historical study up to 1914.

The second, by far the more useful for present purposes, takes Canada's growth in developing its own external policy from that period until the Atlantic Treaty.

Here will be found a factual tracing, in simple, non-controversial style, of Canada's growing strength in foreign matters in keeping with her expanding industrial power and her contribution to the success of our arms in two wars. The trend, under Prime Ministers Borden, Arthur Meighen, R. B. Bennett, Mackenzie King, and now Louis St. Laurent, all point to the one main Canadian objective: running her own show in partnership with, but not as a blind follower of, British and/or American views.

Mr. Glazebrook's work should be read by students of Canadian-American relations and is essential for those working at the Canada desk in the State Department.

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DeGaulle and the Sword's Edge

THEODORE H. WHITE

EARLY IN 1932, an obscure major of the French army finished a summing up of war, peace, politics, and the role of the leader in the modern state and consigned it to the flow of French literature where soon, and for many years, it remained buried and ignored.

If today his book—"Le Fil de l'Epée" ("The Sword's Edge")—is enjoying a minor revival of interest in France it is not because of a sudden rediscovery of its brilliance but because the officer's name was Charles André Marie-Joseph DeGaulle. And because, this month DeGaulle commands the largest single party in the newly-elected National Assembly of France. With these votes, in the next six months he will try to rock down the government and constitution of France and impose his ideas on the nation that more than any other shapes European thinking. The ideas DeGaulle will attempt to impose on France are, to be sure, obscure. But this quality, he points out in "Le Fil de L'Epée," is a necessary attribute of greatness. Insofar as we know them, however, his ideas are most clearly defined in the book he wrote twenty years ago when greatness and history were only distant images on his horizon.

The Army intellectual, however unimportant in American military history, is in French military tradition a man who traces his modern ancestry directly back to Napoleon. In 1932, Charles DeGaulle was already recognized as one of the French Army's brilliant younger thinkers. He had first won notice as a gallant combat officer of World War I, in which he was wounded three times before being captured at Verdun. At Verdun he won a particularly eloquent citation from Marshal Philippe Pétain, the man who was later to condemn DeGaulle to death and who, in turn, was sentenced by DeGaulle to life imprisonment for high treason at liberation. In the postwar years, DeGaulle became professor of military history at St. Cyr and later at the French War College. Out of his reflections and lectures there came "Le Fil de L'Epée," an examination of the relation between Army and State, the role of leader and those led, and the organization of state in modern times.

"Uncertainty," declares DeGaulle in his opening sentence, "is the mark of our epoch." To meet its challenge DeGaulle proposes an ancient and primitive solution: the re-establishment of authority subordinate to the leadership of a Great Chief.

In the early 1930's when Mussolini seemed Europe's strongest man, and "Mein Kampf" was becoming the best read book in Germany, the cult of the leader was so fashionable that "Le Fil de l'Epée" seemed little more than a graceful French translation of other men's ideas. Today, the burden of "Le Fil de l'Epée" would seem hopelessly out of date except for one fact: that one-fifth of the people of Europe's most democratic country voted to sustain it in the most recent polling of their opinion.

DeGaulle's book is as different in essence as imagination can conceive from the vulgarian Fascism of Italy and Germany. It is brilliantly written, erudite with deep reading of history, and armored with a purpose that flows out of France's past. Its purpose is to provide with a philosophy of self-respect those men who crave the "bitter joy" of leadership, but are shamed or deterred by the shibboleths of democracy; its purpose is to re-establish glory and destiny as honorable guides of conduct.

Gen. Charles DeGaulle—"remains shrouded in the obscurity and oracular mystery he prescribes as the first quality of prestige."

The first idea that emerges from "Le Fil de l'Epée" is that the mass of men crave leadership even though they grumble and tremble before it. *La foule,* the mob, may murmur softly in low voice against the leader's arrogance and demands. Once in action, however, they are drawn after him "like iron to a magnet" accepting his protection with relief and gratitude. No great event in history, says DeGaulle, can ever be accomplished without the driving force of the individual man, the passion of the single "Man of Character" to act by himself. For "these political animals need organization, which means simply order and chiefs."

DeGaulle proceeds to examine the conduct of the leader. The leader is one who stands above logic and formulas and cleaves his way to decision by instinct. Modern life—both in peacetime and combat—throws up a host of swift-changing problems. Lesser men of the highest intelligence frame the problem for the leader, amass the necessary data, assemble all the logical and irreducible facts that mark the limits of action. And when these are assembled by the ordinary processes of human intelligence, then the leader in the traditional pattern of grace under pressure cuts his way across the facts. He decides how they shall be met by an inwardness of decision which is his sole responsibility.

"Our times," DeGaulle writes; "are hard for authority. Customs breach it, and laws enfeeble it. At the hearth as in the workshop, in the State or in the street, it excites impatience and criticism rather than confidence and subordination. Struck down each time it shows itself, it has begun to doubt itself, to grope, to act at the wrong moment either at its minimum with reticence, caution, and excuses or in excess by snapping, harshness, and formalism." From this follows the complete decay of our time in manners, morals, politics. Authority and power have lost their sense of greatness. But, DeGaulle continues, this decay is only temporary, it cannot last for long because "men, fundamentally, can no more get along without direction than they can without eating, drinking, or sleeping."

It is to re-establish this classical authority in France that DeGaulle has bent his entire career, and "Le Fil de l'Epée" is something of a field manual in leadership. First and above all, the chief must surround himself with mys-

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tery, for prestige "cannot exist without mystery since men have little reverence for that which they know too well." To achieve this mystery the leader must cloak himself in silence, for speech is the costume of little men who release their anxieties in words. The chief surrounds himself thus with lesser men who talk to the mob, who prepare the plans and schemes from which the leader, by instinct, will choose the best. When the leader speaks his words come as a clap of thunder for his rare utterances have the quality of divine revelation.

Thus returning to France from the realm of theory, DeGaulle finds it already in 1932 a community of fluid, unrecognized communities and corporations—syndicates, cartels, unions—unbound to each other by any inner harmony or guidance. To this France DeGaulle wishes to restore a patrician discipline. In this kind of state, the little politician will find his role as an intermediary between the people and their man of destiny. The politician is a functional necessity of the modern state, but he is, by nature, uncertain, for "to become the master he must pose as a servant and bid against his rivals with promises." Swept by the panics and prejudices of the underlying mass he cannot face reality with the character and decision of the Great Chief.

In his concluding chapter on the Soldier and the Politician DeGaulle describes the patrician elite he wishes to establish. He begins with an examination of one of the fundamental problems of modern society—the relation of civil and military authority in a modern state that must live under arms permanently to protect its freedoms.

Reaching back into the long story of France for the echoing triumphs and dizzy defeats that have marked her military history he describes the ever-recurrent hostility and suspicion that marks the relations of soldier and statesman. History works best, DeGaulle holds, when the destiny of state is controlled by a single man who couples both military and civilian genius—a Caesar, an Alexander, a Napoleon. Failing that, it works successfully when there is a community of understanding between a great civilian leader and a great military leader who respect each other's functions. Thus France is victorious when a Carnot prepares and inspires the armies of the revolution for its new commanders, Germany is triumphant when a Bismarck and a Von Moltke share in perfect partnership the burden of creating an empire. Doom follows quickly when the military man crowds the statesman out of his domain of policy (as Hindenberg and Ludendorf did by forcing submarine war on Bethmann-Hollweg in 1917) or when the statesman forces a decision of combat on the soldier in the field (as the French regency directed Marshal MacMahon to defeat at Sedon in 1870).

What the modern state needs, holds DeGaulle, is the creation of a new elite. The great empires of the past were built by states where a small and elevated social group furnished men equally adept at soldiering and statesmanship, men bound by the kinship of aristocracy. Thus the ancient Romans chose their generals and consuls of the same close-knit families, the Germans of the nineteenth century chose generals and statesmen of the same Junker aristocracy, France in her seventeenth century glory chose both from a homogeneous nobility. What modern state, he asks, will be the first to create a school where youthful aspirants for glory in arms or statesmanship, in diplomacy or administration will come together to shape each others' understanding and harden each others' characters against the day of destiny when they must rule their country?

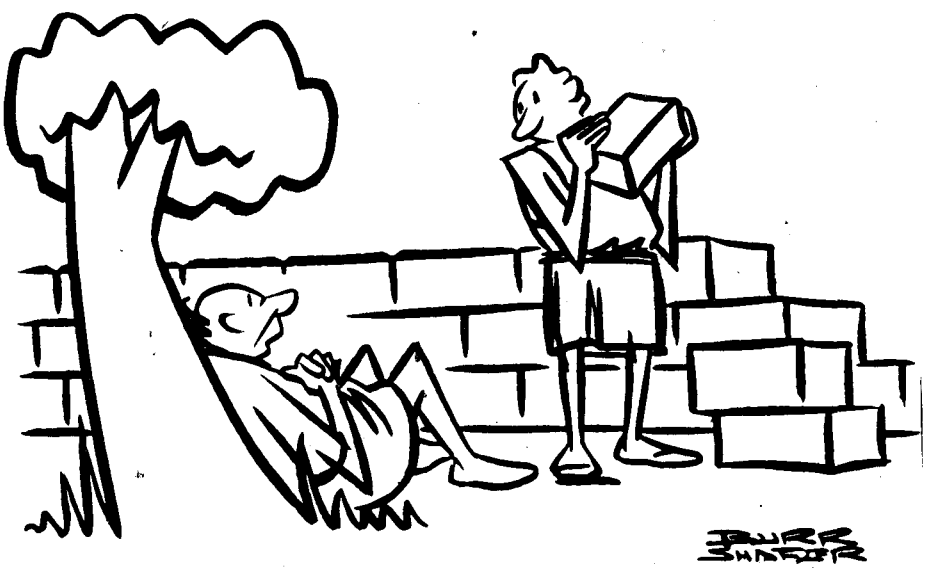
IN THE TWENTY YEARS that have passed since he wrote his book, DeGaulle has been whirled by the historic process he invokes as deity to the height of fame and the fogland of public rejection. His public speeches, his private conduct, his administrative acts seem only to pad out the eloquent and primitive ideas he first voiced as a junior officer. He remains shrouded in the obscurity and oracular mystery he prescribes as the first quality of prestige; his experience with parliamentary government has disillusioned him; he proposes to write a constitution in which an all-powerful president will direct French affairs leaving the people's deputies little more right than to grumble or cheer, to be dismissed at will when they cross him too drastically.

It is DeGaulle's personal misfortune to live in a France suspended in a trance of ideas and politics whose paralysis of decision has just been confirmed by a new election.

For DeGaulle, the June elections were a saddening experience. He had expected 150 or more deputies in an Assembly of 627, enough to give him power of veto over any action of the State. He has won only 118, the largest number, but not enough to dominate.

Thus, at the age of 60, he must make his final instinctive judgment. He can share in government, or lead it, only by cooperating with the smaller parties on the ancient pattern of compromise and intrigue, thus reducing himself to the level of the little politician of fickle impulse. Or he can stand apart and with his new power try to shake the new Assembly down in chaos, hoping the middle parties will split under his pressure in such confusion that next time he appeals to the nation the mob will accept him out of primitive need.

In "Le Fil de l'Epée," DeGaulle proclaims that no rules or dogmas can instruct the chief. "Action," he says, "is simply man in the midst of circumstances," the impulse coming out of inner instinct. France waits his action.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Take it easy, Romulus. Athens wasn't built in a day."

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Asia. *Just four weeks ago, in its issue devoted to "America and the Challenge of Asia," SRL published a checklist of recent books on Asia (Aug 4, page 24). But a continent where so much history is being made evokes a number of significant volumes each month, as the quartet of new books reviewed below attests. Former* Fortune *editor Herrymon Maurer provocatively analyzes the struggle taking place between two cultures in "The Collision of East and West." Harold R. Isaacs, who published a valuable book on "The Tragedy of the Chinese Revolution" in 1938, has revised his study to cover the two decades since; he finds Stalinism the villain of the piece. George A. Malcolm, an American jurist who spent four decades in the Philippines, has written an encyclopedic volume on the islands in "First Malayan Republic." Christmas Humphreys, a convert to one of the East's religions, writes of it in a small book called simply "Buddhism."*

Behind China's Red Curtain

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION. By Harold R. Isaacs. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press. 335 pp. $5.

By HAROLD M. VINACKE

THE PERIOD of the Chinese revolution, as viewed by the author of this revision of a work originally published in 1938, extends from 1924 through 1927. The roots of the revolution he finds in the soil of the past and in the changes in the class pattern clearly perceptible after 1918. But the overthrow of the Manchus in 1911, and the struggle to maintain the Republic from 1912 to 1917, is not viewed as part of the revolutionary process, since

> the basic approach in this work is one that seeks to contribute to a radical transformation of all social relations and political institutions to bring about the fuller popular acquisition of greater material welfare and political and cultural freedom. . . . This has involved a prolonged struggle against political and economic domination by Western nations. It has required . . . an end of the system of Western colonialism. It has involved the need to create new social and economic relations in which the masses of the people could begin to free themselves of the fetters of intolerable poverty. It involves, further, the effort to find a way out of the blind alley of national sovereignty into some broader and more inherently cooperative organization of the world in which all people can hope to thrive.

It was the idea of the world revolution as brought to China by the Russians, and the existence of newly developed mass organizations of workers and peasants in China, with an anti-imperialist motivation, which differentiated for the author, in terms of actors and theme, the "nationalist" revolution from the previous phases of the revolution. In other words, he found a mass movement in being which aimed at a revolution in the power relations of classes and at the elimination of Western capitalist-imperialist colonialism. This movement was in fact energized and led by the intellectual class, which the author does not clearly enough perceive as one of the distinct classes in Chinese society and to which he does not give sufficient attention in his class-structure analysis as a factor in the Chinese revolution.

The events and relationships of the brief span of the revolution (1924-1927) are subjected to a detailed and documented analysis by the author. The vehicle of the revolution was the reorganized Kuomintang, pushed by the mass organizations and the Communists and intellectuals who led them along lines dictated by the Comintern. At the end of the period the Kuomintang leaders, having destroyed the separate mass organizations of workers and peasants, carried on as the instruments of reaction from 1927 until replaced by the reaction under the Chinese Communist Party.

In the author's words:

> In a few short, swift years, a stupendous mass movement rose from the streets of Chinese cities and the tired land of Chinese fields. It threatened to destroy all that was corrupt and rotten in Chinese society. Russia intervened in this movement and, blindly defeating its own purposes, prevented this movement from breaking clear of the hold of the exploiting classes. As a result, the Chinese revolution was halted in its forward surge, the new organizations of the people were shattered, their leaders cut down. Such was the cruel irony, such was the tragedy of the Chinese revolution.

There is room for limited dissent from the author's stereotyped treatment of imperialism as a factor in the revolution. On this he is dogmatic rather than analytical. Also his view of the Kuomintang as exclusively an instrument of reaction introduces a certain distortion into his treatment. Despite this, however, his analysis of the revolution is acute and makes exceedingly interesting reading.

The greatest immediate value of the work, however, is in the light which it sheds on Asian strategy and tactics. No one can read the book and support

". . . the fetters of intolerable poverty." People sweep up rice spilled from passing truck in a Chinese street.

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the view of the infallibility of Stalin's judgment, or conclude that Stalinism represents anything but a policy of promotion of Russian state interests under cover of the concept of world revolution. "The impulse to subordinate revolutionary movements abroad to Russian national interests appeared almost from the beginning" of the Russian revolution. "It began to play its role in some of the earliest maneuvers of Soviet dipomacy. It was reflected in Russian domination of the Communist International and the 'Russification' of Communist parties abroad, in organizational structure, attitude, and policy." In China the workers' and peasants' organizations and the Communist party itself the author shows to have been sacrificed to Stalin's desire to ally Russia with the dominant bourgeois-militarist elements in the Kuomintang. Incorrect analyses of the changing situation in China by Stalin resulted in faulty direction of the revolutionary forces and of the Chinese Communist party through the Comintern. From this point of view, responsibility for the tragedy of the Chinese revolution is placed on the Russians and on Stalin himself.

Harold M. Vinacke, professor of international law and politics at the University of Cincinnati, is the author of "Problems of Industrial Development in China" and "History of the Far East in Modern Times."

The Failure of Well-Intentioned Men

COLLISION OF EAST AND WEST. By Herrymon Maurer. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 352 pp. $4.50.

By KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE

HERE IS a thoughtful survey of the relations of the United States with China, Japan, and Korea, especially between 1937 and 1947. Its general thesis is that here there has been a collision of cultures and that military and diplomatic events, while important, are merely aspects of that collision. The author believes that the record has been one of failure, "the failure of well-intentioned men to reach any inward understanding of each other, the failure of men of good will to move in any direction save toward breakup of community and conflict of war." With this as his guiding theme, the author sketches the history of the relations between the Far East and the West. He prefaces this survey with a brief description of what he believes to have been the ideas which shaped China and Japan. Then comes an equally short summary of the impact of the West on China and Japan before 1937. There follows a more nearly detailed account, but still an outline, of the course of Chinese-Japanese relations from the outbreak of full scale war in 1937 to Pearl Harbor, the part of the United States in China, the advent of Communism and Russian influence, American action in China following the defeat of Japan, the American occupation of Japan, and the Korean episode. The author sees little but tragedy in the relations between the United States and the countries with which he deals. He holds out only slight hope for the future, for he believes that the year 1947 may have been "the point of no return." If there is hope, he finds it in rectifying what he regards as the fundamental mistake. This, he holds, can only be when "a sufficient number of persons grasp a profound, simple, but very taxing fact of human experience; the use of other persons or other peoples as devices to make oneself feel superior provokes hostility. . . . Other persons, whether they be of one culture or another, must be treated as ends in themselves, not as means to some other end."

The author is equipped by residence in unoccupied China during part of the war and by extensive work for *Fortune*. He writes clearly and with conviction. While his thesis colors his interpretation, his account of events is excellent narrative.

With part of the thesis there can be no quarrel. What is taking place in the Far East is to a large degree a clash of cultures. Much of the friction between Americans and the peoples of that region has been due to misunderstanding because of the difference in inherited backgrounds and therefore in basic presuppositions and ways of acting. At times, although by no means always, Americans have sought to use individuals and nations as means to ends which they deemed desirable and thereby have awakened resentment and resistance. Even more frequently there has been an attitude of lofty superiority, not only among Americans, but also among Chinese, Japanese, and Russians. In one or another way all this has been said many times before. It needs resaying, especially in the original manner of this book.

However, one rises from a reading of the forceful pages with a strong feeling that the author has overstated his case. In China and Japan the native and imported cultural traditions have not been as little mingled as he would have us believe. There have been indigestion and unresolved contradictions, but there has also been more of assimilation and adaptation than he seems to recognize. In China the disintegration of the inherited Confucianism and Taoism has proceeded much further than Mr. Maurer would lead us to suppose. Nor is it yet demonstrated that the American occupation of Japan has been as much a failure as is here assumed. That the Japanese will reject much that SCAP has sought to accomplish is probable, but that Japan will never again be as it was before the occupation is certain. The author makes too little allowance for the variety of ways in which individuals react to what has come from the Occident. Particularly does he treat Japan as though it were a solid unit and not with the many different and often conflicting convictions and attitudes to Western ideas that have been and are found.

There is also too much foreshortening of history. The decade 1937-1947 of which Mr. Maurer makes much is undoubtedly important and critical, but so have been others. The decade from 1855 to 1865 was one, and that from 1895 to 1905 was another. There will be still more in the future. The years 1937-1947 constitute a chapter, but only one chapter, and that incomplete and not necessarily the most decisive, in a drama which seems only to have begun.

Kenneth Scott Latourette is Sterling Profesor of Missions and Oriental History and Fellow of Berkeley College in Yale University.

Herrymon Maurer—"sees little but tragedy.

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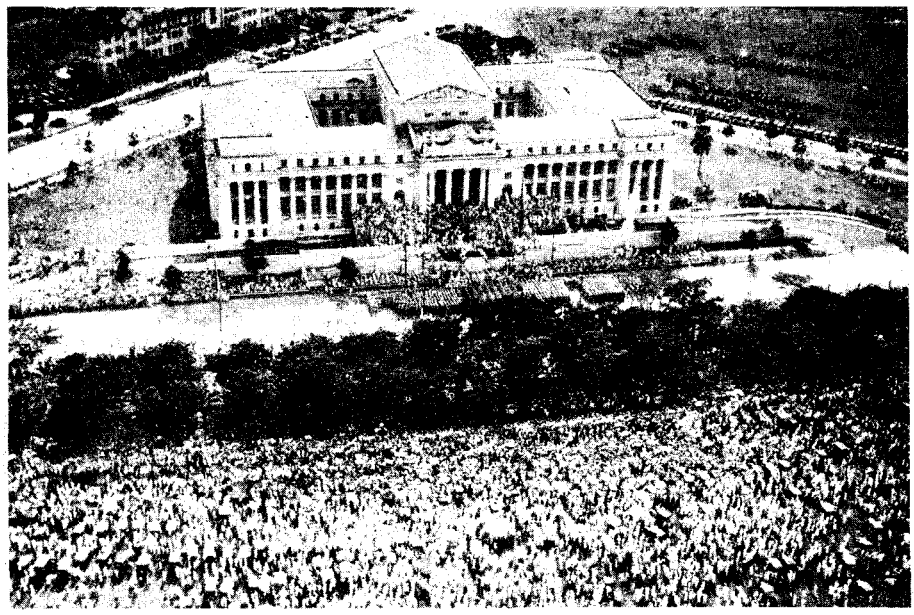

Inauguration of Quezon in pre-war Manila—before the "material destruction and moral trauma caused by the Japanese."

The Philippine Story

FIRST MALAYAN REPUBLIC. By George A. Malcolm. Boston: Christopher Publishing House. 460 pp. $5.

By CARLOS P. ROMULO

AMERICAN POLICY with regards to Asia, in which U. S.-Philippine relations constitute an important element, is undergoing thorough re-examination in a series of "great" debates. In "First Malayan Republic," George A. Malcolm, an American jurist who spent some thirty-six years in the Philippines, provides much useful background material to that unique relationship.

Some may question the historical accuracy of the title of the book. The present Philippine Republic is really the second republic established by the Filipinos, the first having been proclaimed by General Emilio Aguinaldo in 1898 when the Philippine revolutionary forces were on the point of achieving complete victory over the Spanish colonial government. The Aguinaldo republic functioned for two years under a modern democratic constitution promulgated in Malolos and carried on the subsequent struggle against the United States after the latter intervened as a result of the Spanish-American war. The book's title is therefore accurate only if it is clearly understood that the present Philippine Republic is the historic successor to the republic established in 1898.

"The purpose of this volume," Justice Malcolm declares in the opening chapter, "will be to try to give you as nearly as is possible an approximation of the truth about the Philippines and the Filipinos as they have been and are today." To attain his goal, he makes an encyclopedic compilation of every conceivable type of information about the Philippines, ranging from its legendary origins to its future as the only Christian, democratic state in Asia; its government, culture, religion, and natural resources; its people and their racial traits, their customs and their idiosyncracies; their history first as a Spanish colony and later as a dependency of the United States; their long struggle for freedom and their half century of association with America culminating in the establishment of "the first Malayan republic in the modern world." The result is a panoramic presentation of the Philippines and the Filipino people, a kaleidoscope that aims frankly at nothing more ambitious than variety and comprehensiveness. "I would have this volume, while it cannot be a catchall or the counterpart of an encyclopedia, encompass as much as posible of the Philippine scene in all its phases, in order to offer a clear picture of the whole." And that is precisely what the book turns out to be.

It is perhaps inevitable that some trivia should creep into such an exhaustive summing-up. Some of the information included in the earlier chapters would seem to belong more properly in a tourist handbook than in an historical study. In spite of his professed sympathy for the Filipino people, Justice Malcolm gives the impression that he grudged the increased autonomy enjoyed by the Filipinos under Governor General Francis Burton Harrison. In the chapter on international relations, he describes the meeting of the Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East held in Baguio, as "abortive"! After recounting the material destruction and moral trauma caused by the Japanese in the Philippines, he chides the Philippine Government for lack of "basic honesty" in dealing with irregularities produced mainly by the abnormal conditions which prevailed immediately after the war. But these are relatively minor flaws in a work which, on the whole, retells the Philippine story with sympathy and gives the Filipino people full credit for their achievement in building a free, democratic state under handicaps which might have caused a less resourceful nation to fail.

Necessarily, it is also an American story, for back of the successful establishment of the "first Malay republic" lies one of the most significant "experiments" in international relations: the deliberate preparation for independence of a colonial possession by the governing power, an act without precedent in the history of colonialism. This revolutionary American policy set the pattern for the liquidation of Western colonial holdings in Asia after World War II and was the inspiration and precursor of the trusteeship system of the United Nations under which dependent territories are deemed to be held in trust until they shall have attained the capacity to govern themselves. Even more important at this time, it holds the key to the re-orientation of the Western democracies' relationship with the free states of Asia on a basis that would enable them together to withstand the aggressive Communist bid for domination.

The formula is simple: collaboration for mutual benefit, on a plane of equality and mutual respect; aid without exploitation; the common defense of democracy through the only means by which it can be permanently strengthened and preserved—through the practice and constant enlargement of freedom in all its aspects.

America lost a dependency but gained a faithful friend and ally when it set the Philippines free and undertook to help secure that freedom. The lesson, so opportunely pointed up by Justice Malcolm's book, can be extended to apply to the entire field of the Western democracies' relationship with the nations of Asia.

General Carlos P. Romulo is Secretary of Foreign Affairs of the Philippine Republic. He has just written a novel, "The United."

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Words. *You won't find "logophil" in the dictionary, but every connoisseur of words knows that it means him. The census people have never counted up the logophils extant in the United States, but the total probably would astonish all but members of the species. The basic working library of the true* logophil Americanus *contains a dictionary (no abridgments, please), Mencken's "The American Language" with all its supplements, Craigie's and Hulbert's "Dictionary of American Usage," and Mitford's "Dictionary of Americanisms," and of course the English classic, Fowler's 'Dictionary of Modern English Usage." For lighter reading the logophil likes to dip into more casual works such as those by Margaret S. Ernst and the Funks, Charles and Wilfred, and, on the British side, Eric Partridge and Ivor Brown. The books reviewed here are nourishing logophil fare.*

The Living Language

BRITISH AND AMERICAN ENGLISH SINCE 1900. *By Eric Partridge and John W. Clark. New York: Philosophical Library.* 341 *pp.* $4.75.

OUR LANGUAGE. By Simeon Potter. Baltimore: Penguin Books. 202 *pp.* 35¢.

By M. M. MATHEWS

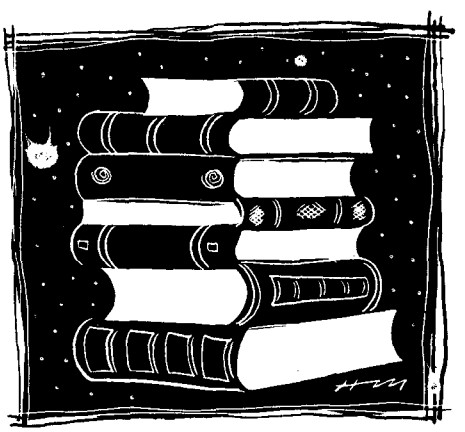
AS ITS TITLE suggests, "British and American English since 1900" is divided into two parts. The first part, filling about two-thirds of the volume, the work chiefly of Eric Partridge, deals with various kinds of British English observable during the past fifty years. His examination of "literary English," the kind found in the poetry, dramatic literature, the novel, and what he calls general literature of the period leads him to conclude that "literary English has become more direct, less pretentious; less latinized, less gallic, less imitative of foreign languages; less polysyllabic, less lengthy of paragraph and sentence; less abstract, hence more concrete; less stiff and formal; less addicted to allegory and to other ambitious rhetorical devices; less artificial, hence more natural," etc.

He finds a contrary trend at work in "non-literary English" journalese, officialese, and commercialese; "invertebrate", "elephantine" jargon disfigures and disgraces all of them. The inaneness, the atrociousness, the verbosity, pomposity, and plain idiocy of much of the lingo abounding in these three types, he points out, have aroused others besides himself. Sir Alan Herbert, Professor J.Y.T. Greig, and Sir Ernest Gowers are cited for gallantry in the attacks being made on this "twisted, pretentious, long-winded and down-at-heel English."

One of the most attractive features of the part for which Mr. Partridge is responsible consists of short treatments of Canadian English, English in South Africa, Australian English, New Zealand English, and the position of English in India. These sections are written by outstanding scholars in the regions mentioned.

There is a chapter on dialect, and another on Cockney. Then comes a brief chapter on the teaching of English written by Frank Jones, formerly Second Master at King Edward's School and the author of various books on English. He reports that between 1900 and 1950 there was negligible advance made in the teaching of English.

Mr. Partridge closes his section of the book with a seventy-page discussion by himself on General Trends and Particular Influences. It is not possible to summarize this section, touching as it does on everything from decline of formal religion to the suggestion by Professor Greig that English should discard more of its inflections, *look* and *go* being inherently just as good participles as *looked* and *gone*. Anyway, *I have look, I have go, I saw they and he* appear odd and sound worse.



In the latter third of the book, John W. Clark, professor of English at the University of Minnesota, offers a competent discussion of the characteristics of American English since 1900, discussing it from the points of view of its vocabulary, idiom and syntax, pronunciation and spelling, and dialects. He wisely points out that much of the attention paid to modern American English has naturally but unfortunately been bestowed upon the "freakish, the idiosyncratic, the bizarre, the obscure, the provincial, and the vestigial." He chides H. L. Mencken for having been at such "great pains to record every revolting freak" he could dredge up from every conceivable, ephemeral, disreputable source, and for heartily commending such monstrosities as *to secretary, to momentum, to baton, to architect, to loudspeaker,*—atrocities which nobody, and certainly not Mr. Mencken, would think for a moment of using seriously. Professor Clark closes with a ringing chapter on The Teaching of English: Education and "Education." This is well done, a vitriolic presentation of Professor Clark's views of what is going on in American schools where a determined effort seems to be made to teach less and less about more and more.

"Our Language" is a worthy contribution by Simeon Potter, Bains Professor of English in the University of Liverpool. The little volume starts off as though it might be a history of the English language, but after the first few chapters it proves to be an entirely different kind of work. An enumeration of the subjects of a few of the fourteen chapters indicates the nature of what is done: Old English; Scandinavian and French; The Revival of Learning; Sounds and Spelling; Word Creation; Etymology and Meaning Names of Persons and Places. The chapters are short and the presentation delightfully simple but at the same time scholarly, written with a broad-mindedness that is always refreshing.

In his treatment of American English, Professor Potter has made good use of what he found in Mencken, "American Speech, Dialect Notes"; Wentworth, Berry and Van Den Bark, and the "Dictionary of American English" by Craigie and Hulbert, as well as Horwill's "Modern American Usage." Unfortunately, this material did not give the author much opportunity to become familiar with the more respectable contributions made to the English language in this country,

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especially in recent times. He had to content himself chiefly with such oddities as *lube* for lubricating oil, *to televise, to propaganda, sportcast, sneet* (from snow and sleet), *healthatorium, restatorium, shavatorium.* These horrors and many more of the same ilk have appeared among us, to be sure, but they are not in good repute, nor do they show any signs of becoming so. Their existence should not obscure the fact that the users of English in this country were the first to introduce into the language such expressions as *appendicitis, book store, coeducation, Congressional, Bachelor of Science, demoralize, geological survey, gorilla, homesteader, hydrant, immigrant, linotype, miscegenation, radar, radio, Santa Claus, sewing machine, shotgun, steamboat, stenographer, typewriter, telegram, tractor, urinalysis,* and hundreds more of this stamp of practical usefulness. Within the memory of many now living we have been responsible for the appearance of such expressions as *academic freedom, automobile, basketball, Carnegie library, cyclotron, betatron, Davis cup, delicatessen, escalator, euthenics, iron lung, ivory tower, Klieg lights, Klondike, moron, power line, Pulitzer Prize, rayon, smorgasbord, Technicolor, tularemia, tuxedo, ukulele, Victrola, zipper,* and many more.

But even with this one-sided evidence to work with, Professor Potter did very well by American English. His little book fits any pocket, both as to size and price. I know of no better 35c bargain.

M. M. Mathews, a member of the editorial staff of the University of Chicago Press, was editor of "The Dictionary of Americanisms" and assistant editor of "The Dictionary of American English."

From "Aberration" to "Zest"

MORE ABOUT WORDS. By Margaret S. Ernst. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 233 *pp.* $3.

By Basil Davenport

THIS is a delightful book for desultory (*i.e.*, skipping about) reading. Margaret S. Ernst can take, it seems, any word at all, like a conjuror urging you to take just any card, and can tell something interesting, not only in its history but in that of half a dozen other words—some of them related, others not related but looking as if they were, others still of which she seems to be reminded on the Irish principle we used in the Army—"It reminds me of home, because it's so different."

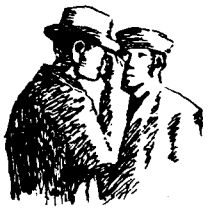
Trying a *sors ernstiana,* for instance, I open to the word "torture," about which she tells us (of course at more length) that it comes from the Latin *torquere,* to twist; related are "tortuous, tort, torsion, torch, nasturtium"; on the other hand, "tortilla" and "torso" are from two other sources. She might have added "torque"—but then I must add that I shouldn't have thought of "torch." The great temptation in reviewing a book of this sort is to mention the other things that you could have put in and pass over all the things that you would have had to leave out through "sheer ignorance, madam," as Dr. Johnson said to the lady who asked why he defined "pastern" as the knee of a horse.

The only adverse criticism that can be made is that in dealing with Latin and Greek origins Mrs. Ernst is a trifle cavalier. Under "atom" she says, "It is from Latin *atomus,* the twinkling of an eye (the shortest measure of time), and from Greek *atemno,* not cut, indivisible, something so small it cannot be divided. In medieval times an 'atom' was the smallest measure of time, fifteen-ninety-fourths of a second. We have atomizers for perfume on our dressing-tables." All that is interesting, and I should like very much to know where to find more about that medieval split second; but to say that a word is from Latin plus Greek is likely to mislead the uninformed. It might have been better to begin by saying that "atom" comes through the Latin *atomus* (whose primary meaning is still the smallest conceivable body) from the Greek alpha-negative and *temno,* "I cut," whose root is *tom,* which appears in "anatomy," "epitome," and all the medical terms like "appendectomy."

And there are a few places where Mrs. Ernst appears to go either too far back or not far enough. It is a bold reliance on origins that says that "copulate" is "to fasten together, to link, to couple, not necessarily for sexual ends." Originally, no doubt; but the meaning in common use is the only one known to the "American College Dictionary," and any one who said "I'm going to copulate some dogs" would be laying himself open to misunderstanding. On the other hand, it is odd to find under "yahoo" only the notation that according to the *Tailor and Cutter* it is "tailors' slang for a crazy, eccentric guy."

But it is unjust as well as ungracious to point out places where one might correct the book, and pass over those where one has been corrected by it. Very well, then: I confess that I had always thought that "helot" came from the Greek word to seize, not from the town of Helos (which I don't remember hearing of before)

All About Words



inkling — From Middle English *nyngkiling,* recorded once only, to whisper. In my previous book, "In a Word," I said that *inkling* is now used only in the negative in phrases such as: "I haven't an inkling," meaning: "I haven't even a hint as to the idea." And I complained because the use of *inkle* as a verb has become obsolete. Four readers wrote in to correct me, and to state that *inkle* is a term used in bridge, a game about which I obviously know nothing. For example, a declarer "inkles a spade," which is a warning to his partner that he can't count on much. He has just a hint of spades.

toast—A slice of bread deliciously browned over the fire was, in popular Latin, *tostata,* from classic Latin *torrere,* to parch (like *torrid* as in Zone). How did *toast* come to mean to drink someone's health, to pledge your lady in wine? The *toast,* or slightly burned bread, spiced, was put in the wine to flavor it—hence, to drink a toast. The figurative application is that the name of a chosen lady is supposed to flavor a bumper just as the spiced toast does the drink.

—From "More About Words."

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and that in coining the word "gas" Van Helmont was influenced by the Greek *chaos* rather than the Flemish *geest;* but Skeat bears out Mrs. Ernst, and I am grateful to her for having so far diminished my sum of sheer ignorance.

With the score even, it can be said again that this is a very pleasant book in which to skip (from the Irish *sgiob*) about. On opposite pages you will find a word as recondite as "nympholepsy" (with a reference to Harpo Marx) facing one as common as "odd"; you can learn that "embarrass" is related to "barrier" but "barricade" is not; you may pick up extra bits of information, as that "tabloid" was registered as a trademark in 1884 by the British manufacturer, Burroughs Wellcome Company, and such ironic comments as that "slave" comes from the name of the race who are now the enslavers of millions. Each page has an amusing sketch by W. A. Dwiggins, graphically illustrating, for example "subterfuge," by showing a cat fleeing beneath a low ramp.

"Wan" meant dark, "fond" meant insipid (Wycliff used it for the salt that had lost its savor), "livid" should still mean bruise-colored — begin quoting from this book as well as begin reading in it and it is hard to stop. Well, just one more peanut: how can a logophil like Mrs. Ernst speak of "aloof" as "a disinterested word"? Surely she knows that we wish a disinterested judge but not an uninterested one, but she is giving countenance to the yahoos who don't.

Academe

By Roberta M. Grahame

I SHALL remember at last
Of this day, only topaz light—
Storm sunshine, gold trance,
Like light from childhood, or a strain
Of lost early singing.
Remember only the amber glance
Of afternoon on the worn stair,
Ripening gold on white pages,
On flickering pens, this desk,
This scarred chair.

When the pens are lost, and the old pages
Crumpled and thrown away,
I shall remember, of all the burden,
And all the grace of this summer day,
Only light through narrow windows
From rain-kindling skies;
Finding out prisms in your hair,
Finding out gold in your eyes.

Adventures in Words

NO IDLE WORDS and HAVING THE LAST WORD. By Ivor Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Two volumes in one. 130 & 132 *pp.* $3.

By Bergen Evans

IVOR BROWN, the Sherlock Holmes of Parnassus Avenue, tells us that the title of his sixth volume (the third volume in the American series, published in two-volume format), "Having the Last Word," is to be taken literally. He does not want an occupation that has given him so much pleasure to sink to a mere habit.

Well, it's our loss. "I Give You My Word," "Say the Word," "A Word in Your Ear," and "Just Another Word," together with the present volumes, have been a wonderful addition to sensitive delight. The fact of their publication, revealing that there are enough people with such interests to justify continuing the series, has been in itself a cause for rejoicing.

For the common reader of today, reading—as he would say—"only to get the meaning," has not the time and is rapidly losing the knowledge necessary to getting the meaning of anything more subtle than the weather report or the baseball scores. For the true meaning of all good writing, as Brown shows with his appealing combination of learning, humor, and joy in euphony, lies not in its bald assertions but in the emotional accretions of certain words, the suggestions of their vowels and consonants, the evocations of earlier contexts, and the harmonies of felicitous combinations—things to be savored, not gulped.

Lest such a description should frighten off the uninitiated, however, it should be hastily added that the book is anything but a collection of dilettante gushings. There is plenty of intellectual meat, as there always is in any serious and informed approach to the problems of language. That the Scots, for example, are inventive of terms of insult, resentment, and violent reaction, that the Spaniards have no word for apology, and that our ancestors "looked to the smaller animals and fishes for [those] symbols of feminine enchantment" which we draw from fruits and sweetmeats [*e.g.*, "mouse" as against "peach" and "sweetie"]—what realms of speculation these and dozens of similar observations open. And what a thoughtful term is "barnacular" for the bureaucratic jargon which we call "gobbledygook."

There is God's plenty of sheer facts. He is learned, indeed, to whom "insesorial," "manarvel," and "fossick" are not revelations, who is not astonished to learn that the "curse" in "not worth a curse" is watercress, and who can set in their natural ordure the crotels of the hare, the fiants of the boar, and the spraints of the otter.

Ivor Brown—"appealing combination of learning, humor, and joy in euphony."

Sometimes, to be sure, the author slips, for the way among etymologies, is notoriously slidder. His tracing of "corny," for instance, to the Latin *cornus,* a horn, as something "scaly and rough with age and exposure and hard work" is ludicrously overlearned. Quotations in Mencken and the new "Dictionary of Americanisms" suggest pretty plainly that the adjective derives from "cornfed." That is, a corny song or joke is the sort of stale, oversentimental thing that the city wits feel is dear to the o'erfed rustic.

It is to be hoped that when this volume has had the large sale it deserves the publishers will issue an omnibus of all six of Mr. Brown's word books. They would be excellent for college students in composition, and they would help to nurture that fit audience, though few, to which literature will return when television has fulfilled its promise of rescuing the masses from the uncongenial and only-recently-acquired task of reading.

Bergen Evans, professor of English at Northwestern University, is the author of "The Natural History of Nonsense" and "The Psychiatry of Robert Burton," and is editor of "Essays by Samuel Johnson."

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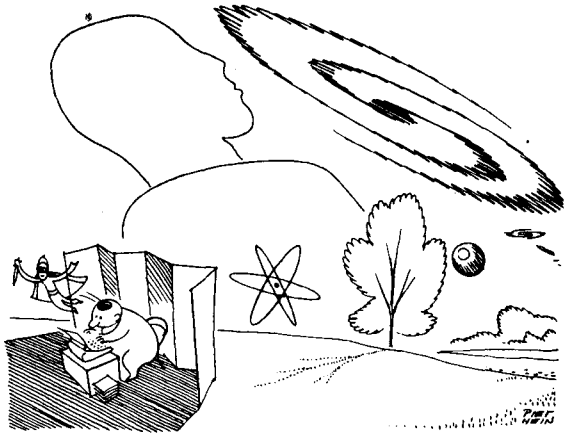
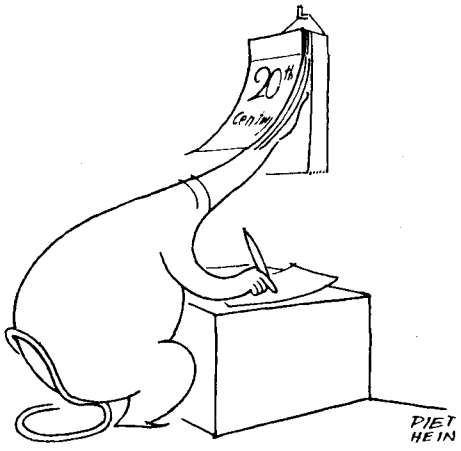
AUTHORS' GALLERY

By PIET HEIN

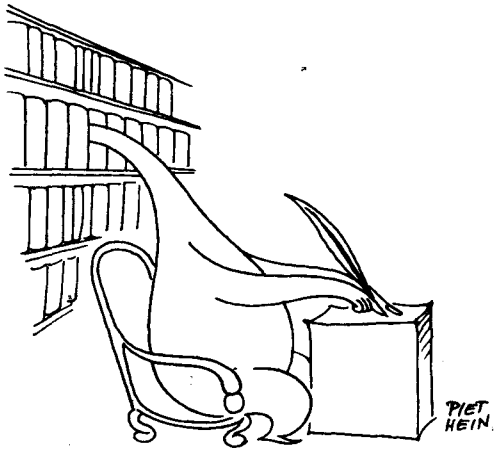


The Fiction Writer

The Autobiographer

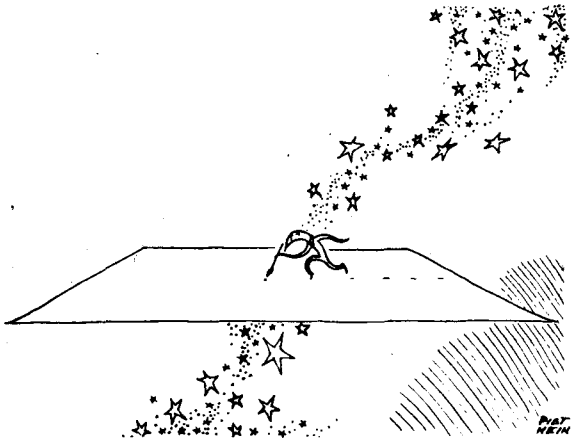


The Utopian



The Historian

The Poet



The Essayist

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Fiction. *As far as the publishers are concerned, the season for hammock-reading is now over, and during the next weeks they will be offering some of the most important fiction works of the year. Three books reviewed below might well be considered morning-stars of the new season: Madeleine L'Engle's "Camilla Dickinson," which should interest readers of J. D. Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye" because it shows the distaff side of adolescence; Louis Malley's "Horns for the Devil," a realistic melodrama of Italian-American life that does not quite fulfill its high promise, and James Ronald's "Man Born of Woman," a sensitively handled study of a young boy's quest for love. Warren Beck, who has won a small but enthusiastic circle of admirers for his short stories and novel ("Into Thin Air") has a new collection of short pieces, "The Far Whistle." On page 21 John Mason Brown writes about "The Limit" by the extraordinarily clever Ada Leverson.*

The Dividing Line

CAMILLA DICKINSON. By Madeleine L'Engle. New York: Simon and Schuster. 245 *pp.* $3.

By HARRISON SMITH

THERE ARE two recent novels which may indicate that a writer can now portray adolescence without first delving into the turgid stream of psychiatry and psychoanalysis. A month ago J. D. Salinger told the story of what happened to a sixteen-year-old boy in the three days' interval between his dismissal from a private school and his return to his parents' home in New York's Park Avenue, ill and in a state of mental and physical shock. "Catcher in the Rye" is rapidly climbing toward the top of the best seller lists, and now it seems likely that Madeleine L'Engle's latest novel, which is concerned with two weeks in the life of a fifteen-year-old Park Avenue girl, may follow in its steps. There is a remarkable similarity in these two diverse books. Both are told in the first person, and both are concerned with the problems of a sensitive adolescent faced suddenly with the necessity of crossing the dividing line between childhood and maturity.

Madeleine L'Engle—"reveals the mind of a charming young girl."

Miss L'Engle's "Camilla Dickinson" has more innate strength and stability than Salinger's Holden Caulfield. Her life had been sheltered since childhood by the routine existence of the girl sent to a New York private school, who studies her lessons evenings, goes to bed early, and is taken to Carnegie Hall, the museums, and the movies on weekends. Her stalwart father is successful as an architect, her mother a beautiful woman who needs the constant reassurance of love that his reticent nature cannot give her. To their daughter they have been simply mother and father, with all that this means in affection and security.

One day Camilla's life is shattered when she returns from school to discover that Jacques Nissen, younger than her father, is her mother's lover. She has had intimations that there was something wrong with his visits and her mother's unexplained absences, the sneering comments of the aging elevator boy, the recurring evidences of her father's distress, the thin pretense that Jacques comes to call on Camilla herself. At the same time she finds her first real friend, Luisa Rowan, whose parents lead a cat-and-dog existence in a grubby apartment near Washington Square. Luisa is a somewhat neurotic child, intensely possessive and jealous, and far more knowledgeable of the strange and erotic ways of grown-up people. She is a year older than Camilla and has crossed the dividing line so that she no longer shudders when her father and mother drink too much, throw the crockery at each other, and make the night hideous with their screams and groans. Though Luisa is in many ways more childish than Camilla and still mothers her dolls, she has acquired the knowledge that she is an individual separate from Mona and Bill, her mother and father, and from her older brother, Frank.

The steps toward Camilla's enlightenment are inevitable. There is a quarrel at home, and her father for the first time in her life takes her out to dinner; four cocktails lead him to reveal his jealousy and to question her about her mother's behavior. Then her mother foolishly tries to commit suicide and immediately everyone is concerned about Camilla herself. Like all parents they ask, what are we doing to this innocent child? At that point the girl might have retreated to childhood to bury her memories in the subconscious if Luisa's brother Frank had not taken a liking for her.

They fall in love, despite all of Luisa's efforts to keep them apart, though for days the girl does not recognize what has happened to her, and the boy is tender and understanding with her. He intends to be a doctor, and Camilla has long ago decided to be an astronomer and a mathematician. Frank talks about discovering a new God, good enough to serve the atomic age; the conception that men are born to die revolts him. Camilla listens entranced and tells him about the stars. They visit his friends, a bedridden, legless veteran, and the parents of his boyhood friend who had shot himself. Slowly the world of Camilla's childhood vanishes and in the midst of her doubts and suffering there are flashes of ecstasy and a passionate desire for the future.

This exultant and distressing period ends as abruptly as it began. Luisa's parents separate, Frank goes with his father to another city without having time to tell her of it, and Camilla is sent away to boarding school. "I know you will have fun with the girls," her mother says. "You know you can always trust me." When Camilla turns her green eyes on her mother's childishly perplexed face and replies, her ordeal is over, she has reached maturity. She answers in one word, "No!"

The success of Miss L'Engle's appealing novel depends on the sensi-

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tivity and the understanding with which she reveals the mind of a charming young girl. There is nothing wrong with Camilla, who has courage and imagination, and who, unlike Mr. Salinger's Holden Caulfield, could not be made to endure what was ugly, cruel, or false among his fellows or the adult world. But there is a deeper division between "Camilla Dickinson" and "Catcher in the Rye." Mr. Salinger's magic depends for the most part on the authenticity of Holden's language which gives the illusion of being taken from life itself. Camilla's words and thoughts have the appearance of being interpreted at times through the novelist's words. Sometimes it is Camilla speaking directly to the reader but more often it is Miss L'Engle. It is unlikely, for example, that a fifteen-year-old girl could recall accurately every sentence of a long dialogue she listened to when she was five years old. This is perhaps a distinction without a difference, and it does not destroy the charm, the pathos, and the meaning of her book.

Situations and Characters

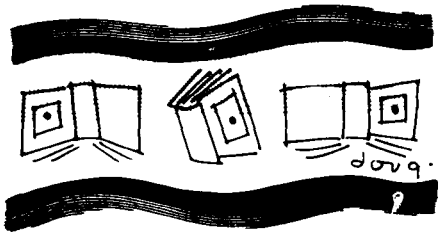
THE FAR WHISTLE AND OTHER STORIES. By Warren Beck. Yellow Springs, Ohio: The Antioch Press. 244 pp. $2.50.

By WILLIAM PEDEN

AMONG the best of the thirteen stories comprising Warren Beck's third volume of short stories are those centering around the relations of an understanding father and his young son. In "Detour in the Dark," the pair are forced to seek shelter in an isolated, decrepit town. Through the long night, the father tries to shield his boy from the corruption and moral decay that have destroyed the heart of the community. In the morning they make their escape, and the experiences of the night seem to the child like the vague memory of a bad dream. The father, however, knows that the victory is a temporary one; life is a process of loss, and a child's innocence will be eroded by shame and eaten through with the despair which is his destiny. Meanwhile, the father concludes, maintain as long as one can whatever semblances of security and safety are possible.

Child and adult, the author suggests, are alike the expendable hostages of a dark and disturbing era; and the moral responsibility of the adult to the child is the theme of other of Mr. Beck's stories, "Detour in the Dark," "The Far Whistle," "The Child Is Father," and "A Verdict of Innocence." In his obvious sympathy for the child, Mr. Beck does not ignore the dilemma of the adult. In "A Verdict of Innocence," for example, the grandfather can sympathize with the problem of the wretched mother who murdered her own child and, on being cross-examined, helplessly relates a dream in which "it seemed as though I asked for help and nobody would help me." In these stories, the author avoids the sensational and the melodramatic; they center around such situations as a trip to an amusement park or a museum, a child's reluctance to take dancing lessons, or his dawdling over his breakfast. Yet these pieces are neither commonplace nor sentimentalized; within his self-imposed limits of situation and character, Mr. Beck works surely, effectively, and with admirable perceptiveness.

Most of these stories owe much of their strength to the intelligent presentation of essentially average situations and average characters: a group of fraternity brothers confronted with an act of sophomoric vandalism, a mature man returning to the town of his childhood, a postwar reunion between two disparate rear-echelon companions. Mr. Beck depicts an occasional sharply-realized character like the old Sunday School superintendent of "Years Brought to an End" who, during his ungodly Indian summer, confides to a former pupil, "I'll tell you, boy, I never knew there was so much fun in the world." Several of his stories, however, are weakened by the author's failure to individualize his characters: the brothers conducting the inquiry concerning who splashed red paint on the Zeta house are mere ciphers representing varying attitudes toward a moral and social problem, as are the sensitive man and the Babbitt of "No Continuing City." And Mr. Beck produces no more than run-of-the-mill carpentry when he turns to pyschological melodrama as he does in "Edge of Doom," a story of a corrupt novelist and the young poet whom he destroys.



Horror and Revenge

HORNS FOR THE DEVIL. By Louis Malley. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 305 pp. $3.

By W. R. BURNETT

I AM AFRAID that the publishers, with the help of the author, are getting this book off to a very bad start. On the jacket, it quotes the author as follows: "When certain people read the book they will know that someone violated 'Omerta' the code of Sicilian silence. The price for that violation is death. To tell where I got my information would be to sign a series of death warrants . . ." And so on, with the implication that the author, too, is in danger. This, of course, is bunk. The only dangers facing novelists, even gang novelists, are normal occupational hazards: myopia, hypochondria, and round shoulders.

The so-called Mafia, or Black Hand, has been written about exhaustively for years, and in many instances by newspaper men using by-lines: actual names have been named, and I've never yet heard of a reporter being knifed for it.

Mr. Malley, after all, is only writing a work of fiction. It may or may not be based on actual happenings, and whether it is or not is of no great matter. There can only be one point at issue: is it a good novel?

Mr. Malley has a simple story of simple people—Sicilians—to tell: a story of honor, revenge, and death. A young gambler, Severio Lebbrosa, waylays and kills his brother-in-law, Alberto, because the latter has been mistreating Severio's sister, Alberto's wife. Ordinarily this would be a routine killing, and not much would be made of it by the denizens of Little Italy or by the police, for that matter. But it happens that Alberto is the district leader of the Mafia; and a man cannot kill officials of this organization with impunity.

The basic story deals with the turns and twists of Severio, as he tries frantically to escape his ordained, inevitable fate. Told in the manner of Mérimée's "Mateo Falcone," or in the manner of Verga's Sicilian sketches, it could have been a story of great power and suspense.

But Mr. Malley will not stick to the point. The story is told by the flash-back method, and this is the last method in the world to use for a tale of suspense. We waver back and forth between Sicily and America; between Severio's young manhood and his childhood; we are told the separate stories of half a dozen people; over 50

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per cent of the book is background. Meanwhile, the intensely interesting initial situation loses its edge, and the story comes to a stop, to many stops, and each time it is harder to pick it up again.

This is unfortunate, for Mr. Malley seems to know what he is writing about. He seems to understand the Sicilians and all their faults and virtues. He writes realistically and has a sharp eye for telling details. Here and there are excellent, but, unfortunately almost always, irrelevant sketches of slum life with the disturbing smell and feel of a harsh reality. The episode of the young prostitute, Cherry—a short story in itself—is almost painful in its actuality.

Mr. Malley, like many beginning novelists, has not yet learned how to overcome technical difficulties. I feel reasonably sure that he will be heard from later.

A "True" Novel

MAN BORN OF WOMAN. By James Ronald. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 318 pp. $3.50.

By George Milburn

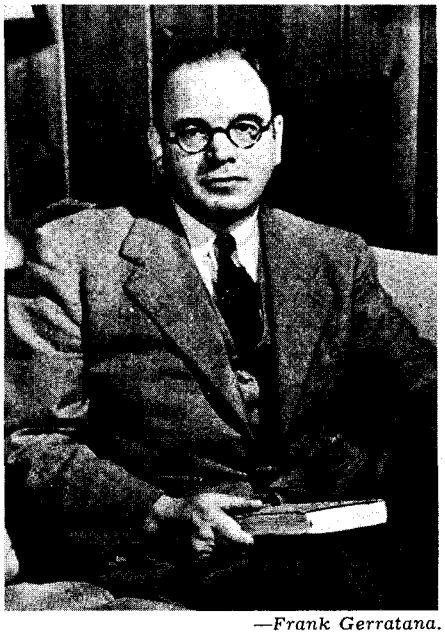
THE "TRUE" novel, according to one orthodox authority, is "a single continuous narrative which sincerely and faithfully depicts the thoughts and actions of characters representative of real life in their appropriate setting." Few novels published nowadays fulfill this comprehensive, if rather cumbersome, definition so solidly as does Mr. Ronald's unusually engaging work. His novel is, in fact, worthy of comparison with the best of William de Morgan, H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling, J. M. Barrie, and Somerset Maugham. There are readers still in existence, no doubt, who will recognize such associations for the high praise intended.

The main story is simply that of a small boy's quest for love. An egocentric Scotch painter gets hooked into marriage by the stodgy daughter of a Midlands carpet manufacturer. The regularity with which such mismatings occur in real life is beyond belief. It is a tribute to Mr. Ronald's skill that in fiction he can make such a *mésalliance* altogether credible.

Hamish Gourlay, the self-taught impressionist, wanted to get away to Paris to study. Esther Vine, the horse-faced heiress, wanted to escape the domination of her elder half-sister Sarah. So, having cast eyes on him at the seashore, she ran off with the artist—and not because of any encouragement on his part. But once they were joined in holy wedlock—a ceremony which even the most madcap females like to insist upon—an odd sort of attachment grew between these two utterly incompatible people.

Sister Sarah had seen to it that Esther was disowned. The Gourlays had only a slender legacy from Esther's mother to go on. But go on she and her obsessed husband did. From London to Paris to Provence. He never finished a picture.

And then, biologic processes being what they are, and which Mr. Ronald manages to describe without recourse to the monosyllables which so many novelists are employing as mere expletives nowadays, a boy was born.



—*Frank Gerratana.*

James Ronald—"as adept as Dickens at creating memorable characters."

Neither of them wanted a child. The real story takes up from there: little Quentin Gourlay's search for love.

The setting shifts from Italy to the Isle of Palos to a Scotch village to a Midlands factory town to Glasgow, and the time is the early part of the twentieth century. But the story of a child rejected by his parents would be the same anywhere, any time, and Mr. Ronald tells it with sympathy and tenderness.

He is as adept as Dickens at creating memorable characters—young Gourlay's lusty Aunt Bella is a person to remember. All too often novelists describe a character as being witty without providing any proof in dialogue. Mr. Ronald's Aunt Bella lives up to her billing.

Anyone who doesn't read "Man Born of Woman," will miss a "true" novel.

George Milburn is the author of "Flannigan's Folly," "Catalogue," and other novels.

Fiction Notes

DECEMBER BRIDE. By Sam Hanna Bell. Dutton. $3. On an isolated Ulster farm not far from Strangford Lough, Sarah Gomartin came to work for the Echlins. Efficient and clever, the honey-haired young servant became the mistress of the Echlin brothers. None knew whether Andrew, the first of her two children, was fathered by Hamilton, the lovable, warm-hearted older brother, or by the more complex, mercurial Frank. Thanks to Sarah's selfishness and vindictiveness, more than one of the brothers' neighbors had to walk the road of sorrow. As matriarch of the ever-expanding Echlin acres, she could afford to ignore the disapproval of the Presbyterian community. It took a crisis in her daughter's life to bring the iron-willed matriarch to her knees before society.

An Ulsterite "Ethan Frome" or "Precious Bane," Sam Hanna Bell's first novel is invested with a disquieting and sullen beauty, with a starkness alien to the atmosphere of MacMahon's stories, O'Connor's, and O'Faolain's. It is not simply that Mr. Bell, a Glasgow-born Ulsterman, writes of a sterner folk and a sterner landscape. Kiely and MacLaverty are North of Ireland men, too, but whether their stories are set in Tyrone, Down, or outside the Six Counties, their Irishmen are outlined against the incandescent backdrop of eternity. "December Bride" owes its somber mood to a backdrop of fatalism, much as the speech of Ulster takes on coloring from the picturesque vernacular of the Scot. Mr. Bell's turn-of-the-century Ulsterfolk are richly realized characters, his development of psychological atmosphere is masterly, and there is a welcome new poetry to his cycle of Irish farm life as lived to the strict rhythm of the Northern seasons.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

MANOWEN. By Esther Penny Boutcher. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3. Out of a love of Long Island, its history, legends, and landscape, Esther Penny Boutcher has concocted a curious mish-mash of a book. Part romantic novel, part antiquarian grab bag, and wholly disorganized, the volume is not without its moments of charm. The plot is pure Gothic nonsense. Owen Gwynedd, orphaned at fourteen, comes to the wind and wave-swept island of Manocc, off Long Island, there to live in the gloomy but sumptuous ancestral estate of his dour uncle Pel. Owen falls in love with Ysel, daughter of his uncle's housekeeper, and makes a lifelong friend of Lolly, bastard son of his

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in a note to her was the requisite of sphinxes. Apparently she never lost

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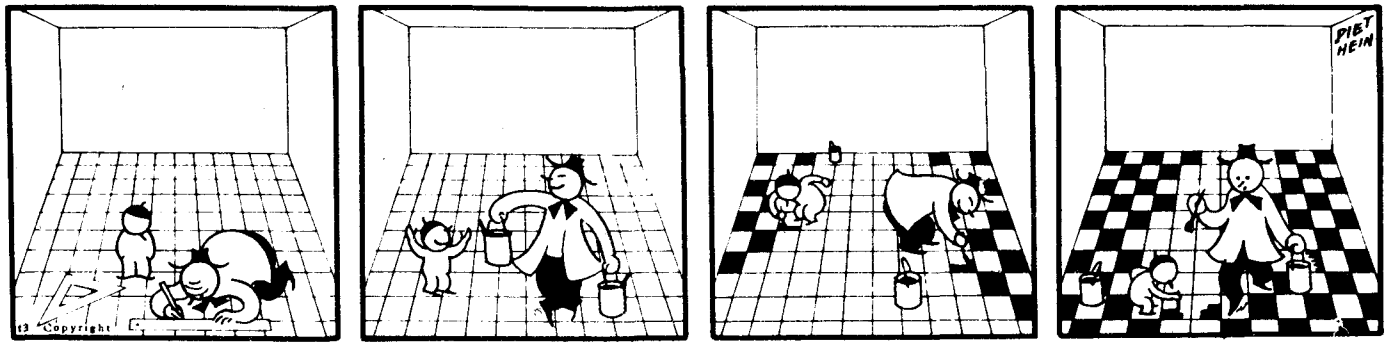

contributing sketches and parodies to *Punch*, *Black-and-White*, and the *Yellow Book*, and had valued her qualities at once, doubtless because he recognized in hers a touch in many ways like his own. "You have all the equipment of a writer, my dear Sphinx," he had said, "except pen, ink, and paper."

Fortunately, as "The Limit" proves, Ada Leverson forced herself in time to come by these material essentials. Her novel is a joy—light, slight, and mannered, but with wisdom shining through its absurdities and delectable because of the polish and distinction of its artifice. If it speaks engagingly for Mrs. Leverson, giving us shimmering indications of what her prowess must have been in conversation, it speaks no less wittily for Wilde. English critics, I notice, have endeavored to capture the merits and texture of "The Limit" by likening it to the work of a more amiable Saki, a less fantastic Ronald Firbank, or a more substantial Hope of "The Dolly Dialogues." But in their search for a fit comparison it seems to me they have, in the best tradition of "The Vision of Sir Launfal," traveled far and overlooked a figure who was right at their doorsteps and in her heyday at Ada Leverson's. I mean Oscar himself.

For "The Limit" reads the way a Wilde comedy ought to be played. Not a revival of one of his earlier dramas such as "Lady Windermere's Fan," "A Woman of No Importance," or "An Ideal Husband," tarnished as their brilliance was by plots borrowed from French problem plays. No. A revival of a comedy by the Wilde who had escaped from Dumas-fils, Augier, and Sardou, and who in "The Importance of Being Earnest" had come wholly and jubilantly into his nonsensical own. Moreover, "The Limit" is a revival uncursed by any indifferent actors who cannot master the artificiality of the style, the ping-pong of the epigrams, or the deliciousness of the fooling. It would be ridiculous to say that it has Wilde's final polish, his ultimate arrogance of mind, grace of paradox, elegance of mockery, or brilliance. Even so, the spirit is often the same. And so is the tone.

"The Limit" tells how an English woman, who tries to marry off her younger sister to a rich American, is finally won back by her stupid husband after having had an affair. But its story is almost an irrelevance, its manner everything. Take Harry, the painter, for instance. "He had been educated for diplomacy, and learned eight languages, some of which he spoke fluently, and in all he could look with expression." Or Mr. Rathbone, who was so tattooed that his body was "really a kind of serial story—with illustrations" and the wonder was that "Lord Northcliffe doesn't bring him out in monthly parts." Or Romer whose wife, Valentia, "thought he looked very well through a window, and ought by rights always to be seen in that way—as it were, under glass." Or sharp-tongued old Mrs. Wyburn, Romer's mother, whose Wednesdays people enjoyed going to in order "to hear the nasty things she said about friends." Or Van Buren, the American millionaire, who "had a childish horror of vulgarity, and an innocent belief that an Englishman who had been to Eton and Oxford and who was *dans le mouvement*, smart and good-looking, and had deserted diplomacy for art, must of necessity be refined, superior, cultured, everything that Van Buren wanted to be." Or Vaughan, the fashionable playwright, who "was not even embittered by success." Or Miss Luscombe, the woman that those in the theatre thought was in society and those in society believed was on the stage. She "always wore an evening dress except in the evening." Once she came to a dinner party "dressed as if for Ascot" except for a great many strange ornaments to which "she added a cold."

The world into which "The Limit" leads us is a vanished universe. This is a part of the novel's fun and charm. It is a world within a world, confident of itself, minuscule in its interests, and trivial in its hopes. Love and profitable courtship are the chief worries of its characters. To these, as to marriage, they bring submerged, if any, emotions. When its men and women do not live by their wits, they live for them. No one, including themselves, could take them seriously. They do not have to tell jokes; they are jokes. They are sophisticates, protected, pampered, and spoiled, whose sole fear—a groundless one in their case—is the dread of being commonplace.

Readers who thrive on anguish, who like their literature purposeful, and who want all novels to be centered in the silo, the soil, or the soul, will find little to please and much to annoy them in "The Limit." Most decidedly it is not their dish of tea. Instead, it is meant for those who find laughter no hardship, high comedy a delight, nonsense relaxing, and who are not made uncomfortable by worldlings both comfortable and conscienceless.

If, in spite of the good time I have had reading "The Limit," I feel no particular urge to rush out and devour Ada Leverson's other five novels at one sitting, it is because a little of this kind of writing can go a long way. Nonetheless I am delighted to have made Ada Leverson's acquaintance and not to have missed "The Limit."

Her novel is the kind of comedy at which the English excel. At least it is the kind of comedy at which they have excelled. It is the production of a top-drawer people at their top-drawer moment of international domination and personal security. It springs from the worldly prosperity, snobbishness, and class-consciousness in which high comedy flowers. Three hundred years of a Britannia that ruled the waves lie behind its assumptions, hence its values and laughter. Britons such as Evelyn Waugh and Nancy Mitford may write in a changed and threatened world wittily and brilliantly about the passage of an old and once entrenched society. But one wonders what will happen to the artifices of high comedy when that society has disappeared and the wealth is gone which enabled it to be not only idle but frivolous.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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Arts & Crafts.

This month, while James Thrall Soby takes a brief vacation (his column on "The Fine Arts" will be back in SRL *October 6), we review ten books devoted to the application of art to everyday living. The attractive little volumes in the American Arts Library, reviewed on page 32, give the browser in the arts a chance to sample the charms of such varied fields as Currier & Ives prints, American rugs, silver, glass, and firearms, and Pennsylvania Dutch crafts. Lipman's and Meulendyke's "American Folk Decoration" (page 33) surveys New England and Pennsylvania household decoration a bit more thoroughly and provides useful tips to the amateur craftsman set upon reproducing it. Another "how-to" book is the Katzenbach's "Practical Book of American Wallpaper" (page 33). "U.S. Industrial Design 1951," reviewed below, will fascinate students of Americana for its revelations of contemporary trends in our culture.*

Putting Design to Work

U. S. INDUSTRIAL DESIGN 1951. *Edited by the Society of Industrial Designers. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.* 184 *pp.* $10.

By FREDERICK J. KIESLER

EXACTLY twenty years ago there appeared the first compendium of industrial design by the American Union of Designers and Craftsmen (AUDAC). It was tough sledding for modern designers.

The latest volume on the subject — "u. s. industrial design 51," by "the society of industrial designers, new york," as the title page puts it—shows clearly the progress made, namely, from the styling of interior designs and furnishings to the redesigning of products for mass production, an important step forward. It also shows that the individual designer, previously the sole boss and dictator of the styling and recomposing of the merchandise, has now become part of a group, consisting of the designer's office, the manufacturer's engineers, and the merchandising sales department of the advertising agency.

This is an important step towards the true Americanization of industrial design, where the individual designer is but the integrator of specialists of dream-design and reality, past experience and present, de luxe-prices and five-and-ten. Of course top-notch designers (and I shall omit names because there are too many) still wear the halo of infallibility and are royally remunerated. Yet, every honest designer will concede that the profession is too young to have given him the education he needs with regard to art, engineering, and merchandising, and he must largely depend upon the knowledge of the specialist to solve the individual problem for a fair chance of profit-selling.

The chief goal of all industrial designers, no matter whether they work on household equipment, industrial apparatus, and machinery, or on equipment for personal use and recreation, has become the reduction of the operating dollar by means of proper design-engineering and maintenance. That is well illustrated in this volume. There is, however, an amusing trend throughout the text to minimize the importance of the industrial designer's worry about the esthetic appeal of the new product; but we all know that "beautification" is regarded as beatification of the product by all sales agencies. Eye and touch appeal must be satisfied first.

To the average reader, all newly designed products, be they transportation buses, sewing machines, refrigerators, cameras, radio cabinets, washing machines, and even heavy industrial machinery such as printing presses, have one design-formula in common: they are streamlined and compact. There are no other trends to be found. Apparently these work. There are two amusing samples, self-defeating the high goals of modern design-engineering, among the wealth of "needed" merchandise accounted for in this volume. Let me describe the fallacy of their problems.

Today every farmer who relaxes in a lawn chair knows that the virtue of Mies van der Rohe's original tubular chair lies in the resilience effected by the omission of the two hind legs in the actually free-floating seat which replaces costly upholstery. Now, here in this yearbook we see a similar tubular chair with the aim of *reducing* this resilience by again adding the two

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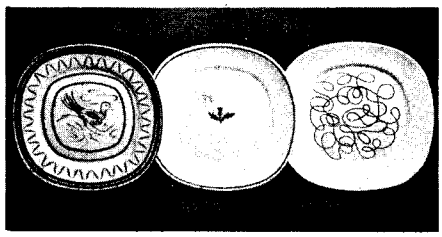
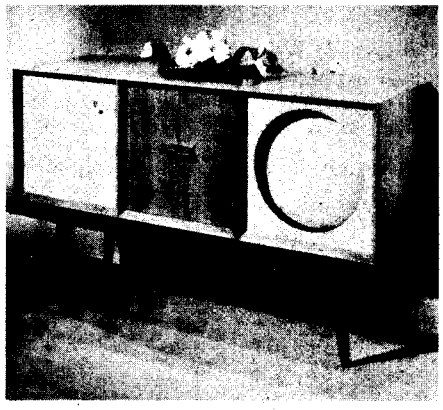
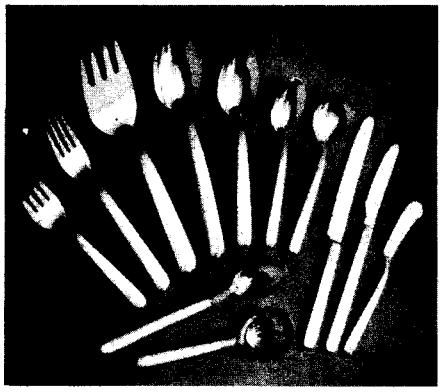


—"patterns . . . lightly and freely drawn, and adapted to the shapes that bear them."



—"cabinet designed in three units: speaker and chassis, TV tube, and base."



—"nature of materials makes . . . shape and finish . . . more important than decoration."

—"glass wall of the secretaries' rooms gives daylight illumination to the corridor."

—From "U. S. Industrial Design 1951."

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The Ascent of Man (1776-1951)

ON JULY 18th of last year the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) broadcast to the world its "Statement on Race." It is not an exaggeration to say that it was one of the most significant documents in the long record of man's struggle for freedom and equality. A month later the *Saturday Review* published the text of this document with an explanation by Professor Ashley Montagu, of Rutgers University, one of its chief authors, of how it came into being [Aug. 19, 1950]. Although it was published at a time when Korea was dominant in the news, it had a greater impact on world opinion than any other document previously produced by UNESCO.

Professor Montagu has recently reported to us that the statement received encouraging comment from the newspapers and magazines of thirty-four countries and the radio organizations of at least fourteen. Although the first draft had been revised three times on consultations with distinguished scientists in genetics, biology, anthropology, sociology, and related fields, it nevertheless received adverse criticism from many sources, from those who were clearly biased against racial equality, and from others who feared that the phrasing of the document would have political repercussions unless it was expressed in plain, unambiguous language, or who believed that it should be free of generalizations of any kind.

Actually, the drafters of UNESCO'S Statement had fully realized that any attempt to define the word "race" would be attacked or misunderstood, that it expressed two deeply controversial aspects, the biological and the social concepts of race as myths. "Racism is not a myth," Professor Montagu writes. "It is an unfortunate fact. The myth is the belief in natural hierarchies of difference between existing peoples allegedly based on biological facts which justify inequalities of treatment."

Because of this criticism and misinterpretation UNESCO brought together in June this year a meeting in Paris of five geneticists and six physical anthropologists from six countries to clarify the problems of race from their respective viewpoints. It was understood that the Statement of the previous year would not be repudiated but that it would continue to be modified and improved until it was acceptable to most authorities. The Statement that emerged from these deliberations is now considered as the first draft. It will be sent to experts for criticism and suggested improvements and in the end a final draft will be issued, which in turn may be modified.

In reading the 1951 Statement which follows, the altruism of its makers is obvious. All human beings do indeed belong to the same species, *Homo Sapiens;* it is a fact that because of the complexity of human history all of us cannot be fitted into racial classification, and lamentably true, that the misuse of certain ideas about race for the purpose of discrimination has created great human and social damage and has taken a heavy toll of human lives.

The *Saturday Review* feels privileged to present herewith the interim draft of the UNESCO statement.

STATEMENT ON RACE, 1951

1. Scientists are generally agreed that all men belong to the same species, *Homo sapiens,* and are derived from a common stock, even though there is some dispute as to the date and manner of divergence of different groups of this common stock.

The concept of race is unanimously considered by anthropologists as a classificatory device to provide a zoological framework within which the various groups of mankind might be arranged. Anthropologically, "race" should be reserved only for those groups of mankind that possess relatively extensive and developed physical differences which are primarily hereditary in origin. While such groups exist, it is equally clear that, because of the complexity of human history, many populations cannot easily be fitted into a racial classification.

2. Some of the physical differences among human groups are due to differences in hereditary constitution and some to differences in the environments in which they have been brought up. In many cases all these causes have been at work. The science of genetics suggests that the hereditary differences are the results of the action of two sets of processes. On the one hand, isolated populations are constantly being altered by natural selection, and by occasional changes (mutations) in the material particles (genes) which control heredity. Small populations are also affected by fortuitous changes in gene frequency, and by marriage customs and breeding structure. On the other hand, mixing is constantly breaking down the differentiations so set up. The new mixed populations, in so far as they, in turn, become isolated, are subject to the same processes, and these may lead to further changes. Existing races are merely the result, considered at a particular moment in time, of the total effect of all these processes on the human species. The hereditary characters to be used in classification, the limits of variations permissible within the groups, and hence the size of the subdivisions to be adopted for classification purposes, may l egitimately differ according to the scientific purpose in view.

3. National, religious, geographic, linguistic, and cultural groups do not necessarily coincide with racial groups; and the cultural traits of such groups have no demonstrated connection with racial traits. Obviously Americans are not a race, nor are Englishmen, nor Frenchmen, nor any other national group. Moslems and Jews are races no more than Catholics and Protestants; nor are groups who speak English or any other language thereby definable as a race; people who live in Iceland or Britain or India are not necessarily races; nor are people who are culturally Turkish or Chinese or the like thereby describable as races. Because serious errors of this kind are habitually committed when the term "race" is used in popular parlance, it would be better when speaking of such groups to drop the term "race."

4. Human races and the larger units formed by them can be, and have been, classified by different anthropologists in different ways. Although no general agreement exists among anthropologists as to the classification of races, at the present time most of them would agree in classifying the greater part of existing mankind into at least three of these larger units,

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which may be called major groups. Such a classification does not depend upon any single physical character, nor does skin color necessarily distinguish one major group from another. From the morphological point of view, it is impossible to regard one particular race as superior or inferior to another.

5. Broadly speaking, individuals belonging to different major groups of mankind are distinguishable by virtue of their physical characters, but individuals, or small groups, belonging to different races within the same major group are usually not so distinguishable. Even the major groups grade into each other, and the physical traits by which such major groups and the races within them are characterized overlap considerably. For most, if not all, measurable characters, the differences among individuals belonging to the same race are greater than the differences that occur between the observed averages for two or more races within the same group.

6. Most anthropologists no longer try to include mental characteristics in their classification of human races. Studies within a single race have shown that both innate capacity and environment determine the results of tests of intelligence and temperament, though their relative importance is disputed.

When intelligence tests, even nonverbal, are made on a group of nonliterate people, their scores are usually lower than those of more civilized people. It has also been recorded that even different groups of the same race occupying a similar high level of civilization may also yield considerable differences in intelligence tests. When, however, the two groups have been brought up from childhood in similar environments the differences are usually very slight. There is good evidence that, given similar opportunities, the median performance (that is to say, the performance of the individual who is representative because he is surpassed by as many as he surpasses), and the variation around it, do not differ appreciably in different races.

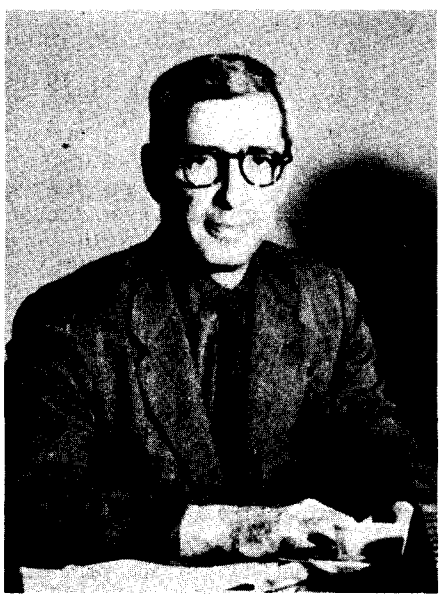
But those psychologists who have found the greatest differences between groups of different racial origin, and have contended that they are hereditary, always report that many members of the group of inferior performance not merely surpass the lowest ranking member of the superior group, but most of its members. It has never been possible to separate members of two peoples on the basis of mental capacity as they can often be unequivocally separated on a basis of religion, of skin color, hair form, language.

It is possible, though not proved, that some types of innate capacity for intellectual and emotional responses are commoner in one people than another, but it is certain that within a people innate capacities vary as much as, if not more than, they do between peoples.

IT OFTEN happens that a national group may appear as being characterized by particular psychological attributes. The superficial view would be that this is due to race. Scientifically, however, we realize that any common psychological attribute is more likely to be due to a common historical and social background, and that such attributes may obscure the fact that within different populations consisting of many human types, one will find the same range of temperament and intelligence.

7. The scientific material available to us at present does not justify the conclusion that inherited genetic differences are a major factor in producing the differences between the cultures and cultural achievements of different peoples or groups. It does indicate, however, that the history of the cultural experience which each group has undergone is the major factor in explaining such differences.

8. There is no evidence of the existence of so-called "pure" races. We know the earlier races chiefly from skeletal remains and our knowledge is therefore limited. In regard to race mixture, the evidence points to the facts that hybridization has been going on for an indefinite but considerable time. Indeed, one of the processes of race formation and race extinction or absorption is by means of hybridization between races. As there is no reliable evidence that disadvantageous effects are produced thereby, no "biological" justification exists for prohibiting intermarriage between persons of different races.



Ashley Montagu: "Racism is not a myth. It is an unfortunate fact."

9. The misuse of certain ideas about race for the purpose of discrimination has created great human and social damage, and, in recent years, has taken a heavy toll of human lives. It still prevents the normal development and full social participation of many millions of human beings and thereby deprives the world of the co-operation of potentially productive minds. The unity of mankind has become increasingly evident. It was recognized by Charles Darwin in 1871 in the following words: "As man advances in civilization, and small tribes are united into larger communities, the simplest reason would tell each individual that he ought to extend his social instincts and sympathies to all the members of the same nation, though personally unknown to him. This point being once reached, there is only an artificial barrier to prevent his sympathies from extending to the men of all nations and races." ("The Descent of Man.")

10. We now have to consider the bearing of these statements on the problem of human equality. We wish to emphasize that equality as an ethical principle in no way depends upon the assertion that human beings are in fact equal in endowment. We have thought it worth while to set out in a formal manner what is at present scientifically established concerning individual and group differences:

(a) In matters of race, the only characteristics which anthropologists can effectively use as a basis for classification are physical (anatomical and physiological).

(b) According to present knowledge, there is no proof that the groups of mankind differ in their innate capacity for intellectual and emotional development.

(c) The biological differences between human beings are as great within races as between races and should be disregarded.

(d) Historical and sociological studies support the view that genetic differences are insignificant factors in determining the social and cultural differences between different groups of men. Vast social changes have occurred which were not in any way connected with changes in racial type.

(e) There is no evidence that race mixture as such produces disadvantageous results from a biological point of view. The social results of race mixture, whether for good or ill, can generally be traced to social factors.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Democracy and Religion

SIR: There is so much that is penetrating in H. M. Kallen's article, "Democracy's True Religion" [*SRL*, July 28], that one hesitates to criticize it. Yet is not one forced to conclude (even while risking a similar danger) that Professor Kallen has made the old mistake of throwing out the baby with the bath? It is one thing to toss out the dirty water of special clerical privilege and creedal authoritarianism; it is quite another matter to conclude therefore that there is nothing worth saving in religion.

For one thing, God is not so easily relegated to unreality as Professor Kallen and his Santayana quote would have it. Certainly religious followers are pursuing a "way" which they believe relates to a "what." They would contend that to pretend otherwise should be labeled "wish-thinking." For religion has insisted that God as a superhuman force moving toward righteousness, love, and creativity in man cannot be ignored.

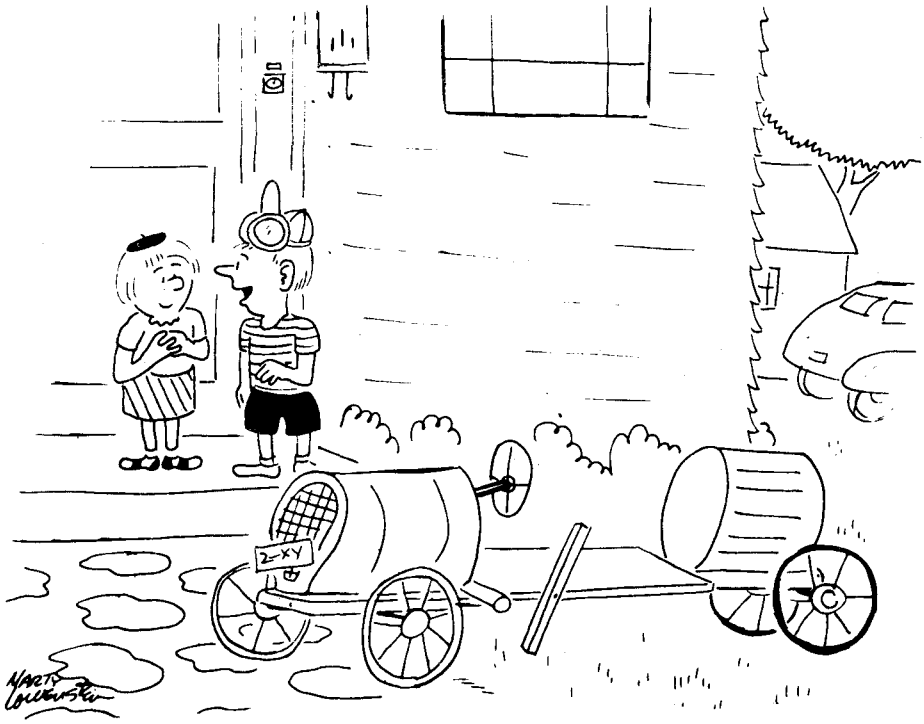
To be sure, man's understanding of God has changed and progressed. But this does not allow Professor Kallen's charge of utter subjectivity in religion. Further, it refutes Professor Kallen's charge of utter coercive rigidity in religion. Hasn't Professor Kallen heard of the prophet's role in religion? And surely he is acquainted with the field of philosophy of religion, which seeks to cut through theological underbrush to the truth. Religion has always displayed self-criticism and self-correction. Almost every founder of a major religion has been a reformer.

To deny truth, however tentative and partial, to the "what" of religion is arbitrary. Such denial is also disloyal to the findings of science. It is one thing to sharpen up the tool of the inductive scientific method; it is quite another to refuse to apply the tool to truth-reality and end up by worshipping the tool. Professor Kallen is making a false god out of "believing too little" in his anxiety not to "believe too much." (See his William James quote.)

The secularism that religion is fighting is not liberty in belief but lack of belief. Or, more accurately, secularism is wrong belief, a denial of the God which religion is soliciting men to *discover* (not *create*). Hence secularism can never serve as "democracy's true religion." It cannot serve as "true" without first rationally refuting the preponderance of evidence which has led mankind to consider God. It cannot serve as a "religion"—any freedom worth defending is a deeper matter than a mere absence of commitment; any solid belief in equality among men is based on something more than mere respect for "difference." Secularism is inadequate to explain or sustain the founding or preservation of the Western democratic ideal. A much more positive concern with the creative possibilities of human life in brotherhood, under the personification of great, cosmic value intent, is needed.

DARYL E. WILLIAMS.

Illinois Wesleyan University
Bloomington, Ill.



"We're in luck, Mary Lou, my father isn't using the car today.

SIR: *The Saturday Review* is to be congratulated for publishing the article, "Democracy's True Religion," by H. M. Kallen. For my money, it is one of the best expositions of the type of thinking which makes the Hitlers and the Stalins possible. Not, may I hasten to add, that such men as Professor Kallen have any idea that their muddled thinking is a cause of the world's present disease.

Professor Kallen has, with more clarity than most, shown the true nature of secularism. This cult of his is based on the same materialist assumptions to be found in Germany during the height of Hitlerism and in the Communist creed all over the world today. Yet, Professor Kallen, being wedded to "the American Way," apparently believes that the traditional American belief in democracy was based on nothing more than an assumption and, therefore, that the two ideas can be equally valid and binding on mankind.

However, the basis for democracy is not merely a pious hope dreamed up by do-gooding humanists. The basis for practising democracy can only be found in the equality of every human being before God and thus on the inexorable duty of each of us to practise democracy in our private lives and to insist upon it in our governments.

Secularism is indeed the great and present danger that, as Professor Kallen points out, is being "deprecated and attacked" by Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. Heretofore, it has not been easy to define secularism in too precise a term. With this article, one can see clearly the fundamental basis for secularism and the way at least one of its adherents attempts to sugar coat it with democracy to make it palatable to Americans. As the good Professor is taken in by the sugar coating, is it any surprise that many Americans are also taken in?

My thanks for this very enlightening article and I am sure you have the thanks of many others including many of my fellow Catholics.

W. DONALD WOODS.

New York City

SIR: It is with a sense of profound disgust that I write you this letter, disgust that far surpasses personal anger, for it has resulted from a new realization of the moral perversion and intellectual malice to which America is progressively succumbing. I make reference to the scummy, insulting diatribe by H. M. Kallen.

Evidently it would be impossible to even enumerate the specious reasonings and deliberate misrepresentations of this pseudo-intellectual who refuses to face facts and persists in beating his worn-out liberalistic drum when the world has left him far behind and is marching on to more solid foundations. As the old order comes crashing down about his head he rants on and on of the moral disintegration of the West, but he protests in vain, for man is moving inexorably toward absolutes, whether Christian or pagan.

He distorts the concept of democracy, militantly rejects the God of Protestant, Catholic, and Jew, perverts the accepted meaning of words to devise arguments that will bolster his *a priori* suppositions. He invariably starts his thinking process in the

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middle of a subject and then shoots out in a wholly arbitrary direction, drawing conclusions without proof—all of this with a veneer of breezy abandon that makes one seriously question both his mental acumen and his intellectual honesty.

But our quarrel is not fundamentally with such fuzzy thinking (which is getting more prominent in your magazine with each succeeding year), but with your tacit approval of his utterly unfair and unwarranted attack upon Catholicism. This is simply another smutty continuation of Blanshard's malicious prejudice. We often wonder why such men always pick the Church as the object of their hatred. Most likely because only she has defended the objectivity of truth and the absoluteness of a moral code against the onslaughts of today's paganism. All that the Church stands for is a galling affront to their consummate pride, because they blindly refuse to recognize and accept their nature with its inherent limitations and dependency upon God. They would stop at nothing to destroy the Church, for by Christ's command she operates in the world through the medium of divinely-appointed priests who exhort to an eternal kingdom that is of the spirit and not of this world. But this is too hard a saying for those who have dethroned God and replaced Him with the idol of their pride and sensuality, even after they have learned through bitter experience that there is no thrill in throwing one's arm about his own ego.

Christ said long ago to His apostles: "Be not surprised that the world hates you, for you are not of the world, and it has hated Me first before you." These words are as true today as ever, but let those who take up the sword against Christianity think twice before they act, for there will certainly be a day of reckoning!

OWEN C. CARROLL.

Ottawa, Canada.

SIR: My sincere congratulations for publishing Professor Kallen's article, "Democracy's True Religion." I expect that you will receive many anguished outcries from clergymen. Nevertheless, I felt that Professor Kallen's article was fair and on the basis of his definition of "religious faith" quite adequate.

To Professor Kallen I should like to emphasize that there are religious groups which insist on "the priesthood of all believers" and which realize that the separation of church and state benefits both religion and the "secular." One cannot help but be aware of how both the church and society benefited when the Congregational Church for example was "disestablished." The church gained vitality from its voluntary support and society gained freedom from an enforced clericalism and ecclesiastism: True religious faith can only be won voluntarily; it cannot be coerced into being.

In regard to public education, the objection which some of us have is that the prevalent practice of completely or partially excluding religion from the study of history in a feeble attempt to be "impartial," does violence to "historical fact" and defeats the principle of free inquiry which our public education attempts to engender.

I hope you will continue to publish articles of the quality of Dr. Kallen's.

DANIEL NOVOTNY.

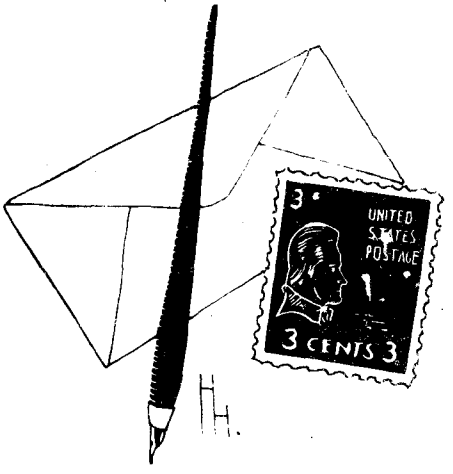
Church of Christ
Goshen, Conn.

SIR: I want to express my pleasure with Mr. Kallen's article. At the present time, when almost every medium of public communication is scared silly of treading on some minority's bunions, it is refreshing to find such ideas so perceptively and forcefully expressed.

I wonder if the open enemies of democracy, who use its institutions in their fight against it, are so much more dangerous than those groups which sincerely profess democracy but which cannot recognize and will not accept its most fundamental principle?

STUART R. SHEEDY.

East Dorset, Vt.



Wolfe and Perkins

SIR: Even after reading all the tributes to Max Perkins, all of which he probably deserved, I still prize a great writer more than I prize a great editor and this is especially true in the case of Thomas Wolfe versus editors and critics.

I believe that Thomas Wolfe was edited to death. Reading his first published books was an exciting, exhilarating emotional experience, as exciting and exhilarating as my first reading of Marcel Proust, but later on it was clearly obvious that Wolfe was knuckling down to editors and critics. Editors and critics hammered on Wolfe so heavily, and so messed with his writing, that toward the end his style was practically like all the other literary trained seals. This was a triumph for the editors and critics, but tough on readers who had been so thrilled by the first Wolfe writings.

Struthers Burt tells of how Max Perkins persuaded or maybe forced Wolfe to throw out this and that batch of words—five thousand at a time. I'll venture to say that all the words that Perkins and others like him influenced Wolfe to delete make far better reading than the polished writings of writers like Struthers Burt and his contemporaries.

Wolfe's poorest prose had something vitally alive, picturing and illuminating some phase of human existence better than any other American writer of our generation. I don't believe he wrote, as so many other weaker writers do, to pad a book. Consequently, so far as I am concerned, he was never dull and never false. His work always had substance even after he was edited nearly to death by men who lacked his force, his strength, his genius.

JOSEPH M. SLAY.

Dallas, Tex.

Errors in Fact

SIR: I am sorry that Nathan L. Rothman found my book "The Oracle" not to his liking. [*SRL* May 26]. His strictures are severe, if presented in a curious English, doubtless of his own devising. It is not on this ground, however, that I quarrel with Mr. Rothman, since the bad writer is not necessarily the unsound critic. It is as a reporter I find him most unsatisfactory. Only once in his review does he permit himself factual description of my book, when he says: "The rest is just slapstick and all sorts of wrestling, plus a dumber-than-usual blonde named Lura, and a tougher-than-usual radio producer named Udolpho."

This is written with a rather knowing air, and implies that Mr. Rothman has had no small experience both with usual blondes and usual radio producers. Since, however, in the book I wrote the woman called Lura is described as having "blue-black hair" and the man called Udolpho is a wealthy industrialist rather than a radio producer, it does suggest that Mr. Rothman's experience may be irrelevant, and in any event, certainly no safeguard against inaccuracy.

These are errors concerning facts, to be sure, but as they are the only facts with which Mr. Rothman comes to grips in his review, I think they may be useful as an indication of the care with which he approached his critical labors.

EDWIN O'CONNOR.

Boston, Mass.

SIR: Mr. O'Connor does have grounds for complaint, insofar as I erred in calling his Lura with the blue-black hair a blonde, and his Udolpho a producer instead of a sponsor. Those were errors in fact, but certainly not in critical judgment; for they do not alter the conclusion to which I came quite properly (and I trust Mr. O'Connor will believe that I read his book entirely through): that "The Oracle" is a thin and shallow treatment of a subject that might have been handled more thoroughly and more seriously. Mind you, I do not defend the carelessness of calling a brunette a blonde. But that does happen to be a detail relatively unimportant, and should not obscure the main question: how good is Mr. O'Connor's portrait of the radio hack commentator? That was the burden of my review, which was necessarily brief. As to Mr. O'Connor's opinion of my writing, that is surely illtempered and requires no comment.

NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

Flushing, N. Y.

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SRL Goes to the Movies

DOUBLE BOUNTY FROM HOLLYWOOD

IT WOULD have been an easy matter to label George Stevens's "A Place in the Sun" (Paramount) Hollywood's most impressive picture this year if, at virtually the same moment, Warner Brothers had not unveiled an equally impressive production by Elia Kazan of "A Streetcar Named Desire." Coming together they are rather an embarrassment of riches, wholly adult fare and some proof, at least, that Hollywood can cast aside, when it wants to, all those restrictive pressures that are supposed to be keeping the American screen from acknowledging the facts of life. The trick, it seems, is for a director to get good enough and important enough to be able to have his own way and to function as producer, too, if that be necessary. George Stevens and Elia Kazan are two of our most talented and successful directors (Stevens began in the old Hal Roach studios and worked his way up from two-reelers to interesting comedies like "The More the Merrier"; Kazan started in the Group Theatre as actor and stage manager, became Broadway's most sought-after director, and came to Hollywood to direct pictures like "Boomerang" and "Panic in the Streets"), but neither has ever been quite *this* good before. Nor have they previously used the screen medium for so thorough an exploration of its power to move and stir an audience.

If there is to be an argument about which has done more or better, the nod might go to Stevens, for, in a sense, his was the harder job—to boil down the 840-page bulk of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" to two hours on film, to keep intact its universal values, to change or remove any which might no longer have relevance. The major change involved was to give the story a contemporary setting. According to my information it was Stevens (although the screenplay was done by Michael Wilson and Harry Brown) who decided that this would be preferable to making it a period piece. Dreiser's novel was published in the mid-Twenties; the actual case on which it was based had occurred twenty years earlier. A big question for Stevens must have been: could the dramatic force of the original situation be kept if couched in present-day terms? The answer lies in the conviction that has been given a fresh treatment, the convincingness with which the actors have played it. The result is in the nature of a victory over material that might very well have appeared dated.

Dreiser's view of his characters was probably sound enough, but he was mainly concerned with revealing a villainous society whose forces were responsible for Clyde Griffith's dilemma. (The movie gives him the name of George Eastman). The Stevens film somewhat softens and humanizes this view, makes Dreiser's clear-cut class demarcations less rigid, and puts as much emphasis upon psychological factors as upon the societal. As we see him here, George Eastman responds to the countless proddings from his environment (the billboards with their pictures of indolent girls in bathing suits, the obscenely yellow Cadillacs, the obvious difference between being a bellhop and a member of a wealthy and prominent family) and he starts pathetically climbing towards his dream of "success." His forlorn upbringing by a street missionary family has made him all the easier prey to the situation he falls into. There is a great loneliness in him, too, and ready to be called out in him is the hidden, psychopathic streak in his nature. Those who remember Clyde in the novel will see how important this character change is. Presented as Dreiser had him he would seem utterly weak and mooning, perhaps not worth the bother of being re-created today. The two girls in George's life have also been made more sympathetic, in the sense that an audience can respond to them more fully. In other respects there is less change to Dreiser's intent.

"An American Tragedy" was made into a movie once before, a 1931 Von Sternberg model that had the novelist himself up in arms against it. The picture distorted the book's meaning, he felt, to the very opposite of his intention, justified society and turned in an indictment of the young man. One wonders if "A Place in the Sun" would have mollified him. Allowing for the elimination of the long section dealing

Montgomery Clift as George Eastman, and Shelley Winters as Alice Tripp in Stevens's version of "An American Tragedy."

Vivien Leigh as Blanche Dubois and Marlon Brando as Stanley Kowalski in the Kazan-directed "A Streetcar Named Desire."

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with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
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with George Eastman's boyhood, the pattern of the story has been kept relatively close to the book with an ending that is very similar to Dreiser's. A final irony is preserved. The issue is left undecided in the moral sense, even though truth, in the legal sense, would have shown George not guilty and unpunishable.

MONTGOMERY CLIFT, one of Hollywood's most gifted and engaging young actors, adds considerably to his stature with his portrayal of George Eastman. Moody and complex, one senses the dark hauntings of his youth, the intelligence hampered by the lack of opportunity to use it. Clift, of course, had George Stevens to discuss and probe with him the nature of the character, and this ability of the director to make his actors see what he wanted paid off astonishingly with the female roles. Elizabeth Taylor is a joy to watch as the charmingly spoiled Angela (one had somehow never conceived of the glamorized creature as an actress) who spontaneously, out of girlish and unaffected infatuation, offers George his chance to enter a world of prominence and ease. And as Alice Tripp, the girl from the painfully mundane and restricted background, Shelley Winters (the sexiness hidden, the legs undisplayed) achieves almost a *tour de force* of naturalness. She is drably commonplace, pathetic and appealing at the same time, genuinely frightened and miserable. There are scenes that nakedly reveal all that is going on in her mind: the visit to the doctor who refuses to help her; the boat ride with George—her death but moments away—when she babbles with heart-wrenching enthusiasm of a life together that is everything he fears. Scene after scene distills the meaning of events that Dreiser took long pages to unfold.

The minor parts, too, have sharp understanding behind them. Raymond Burr does a forceful job as the district attorney who, in a melodramatic way, tightens the circumstantial noose around George. Anne Revere is the intense, fanatical mother; Herbert Heyes the wealthy uncle too involved by his large affairs and family to see George as more than a likable young man deserving of being "given a chance." It is not merit but whim that determines whether he will allow his nephew this chance.

The novel gained its effects largely by its massive accumulation of detail (the writing is for the most part irritating and clumsy); the technique of the movie is vastly different. Here each scene must accomplish its objective with vividness and economy; dialogue is often scrapped in favor of the visual

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On October 10th we will publish Tennessee Williams's Pulitzer Prize Play, **A Streetcar Named Desire**, in a complete and unabridged Signet edition (#917) with an introduction by the author, eight pages of illustrations from the New York, London and Paris productions, and Thomas Hart Benton's famous painting of the Poker Scene from the play on the cover. One of the most widely viewed plays of our time (it has been produced in 15 foreign countries and published in 13 foreign editions), **A Streetcar Named Desire** will reach hundreds of thousands of new readers in its Signet edition.

Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* (Signet #755) has long been a bestseller in its special abridged edition with an introduction by George Mayberry. Many movie-goers will want to re-read the book after they see **A Place In The Sun**, the stirring movie based on the novel.

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symbol. From moment to moment, in fact, the two distinct kinds of telling, interwoven as they are, can be discerned, as the symbolic image accompanies the realistic level of the happenings. (The yellow Cadillac carrying Angela speeds by him as George thumbs his way along a highway, a lure and a warning; he pauses for a moment to stare at a small boy standing on a street corner with his hymn-singing parents.) Now and then a line of dialogue does get out of key, very occasionally the symbol grows obtrusive, but in each case never enough to seriously disturb. One has, at the end, the feeling of a screen that has been illumined in a new way by a hand altogether accomplished.

TO TRANSFER "A Streetcar Named Desire" from the stage to the screen meant, if it were to be done with honesty, challenging taboos that have kept American movies evasive and often ridiculous when it came to presenting certain aspects of sexual behavior. The play hinges upon its frank portrayal of lust, and its introduction of the homosexual note is crucial in that Blanche Dubois's disturbance stems from the shattering discovery of her young husband's inversion. The movie has been allowed latitude in showing the appetites of its major characters, in so far as they appear relatively normal, but when it comes to the required mention in Blanche's soliloquy of her dead husband's predilections there is a noticeable shyness. The speech is very similar to the lines in the play, but the stark details are missing. However, it does seem to me that it would take a singular obtuseness not to know just what Blanche is referring to when she speaks of the unmanliness of her husband. The taboo has been compromised with rather than obeyed.

Elsewhere there is little compromise to speak of (at least not in the print I saw; there is no knowing what individual state censorship boards will do in the way of deletions) and while the material of this harsh and poetic drama may disturb and chill many who see it, it represents one of Hollywood's rare attempts to give the whole meaning and scope of an author's vision.

Tennessee Williams did his own screenplay and preserved most of the dialogue that was so electrifying when heard on the stage. This at least insured that the movie would be *like* the play. But what audiences will be unprepared for is the nearly overwhelming impact of "A Streetcar Named Desire" in its cinema form. It seems to have gained a dimension, and to have thrown off some of the more artificial aspects that the stage presentation required. The camera and its sound-track are far better equipped, it now becomes clear, to show the travail of Blanche Dubois. And it is more than simply going to New Orleans to film backgrounds: the camera can keep the action continually alive and dynamic. Morever, editing and cutting have removed everything that might clog and impede.

Elia Kazan had, of course, the experience of staging the play for Broadway; and, with but one substitution—Vivien Leigh of the London company—, he also had the exceptional original cast to work with. Marlon Brando, who immediately became our most tal-

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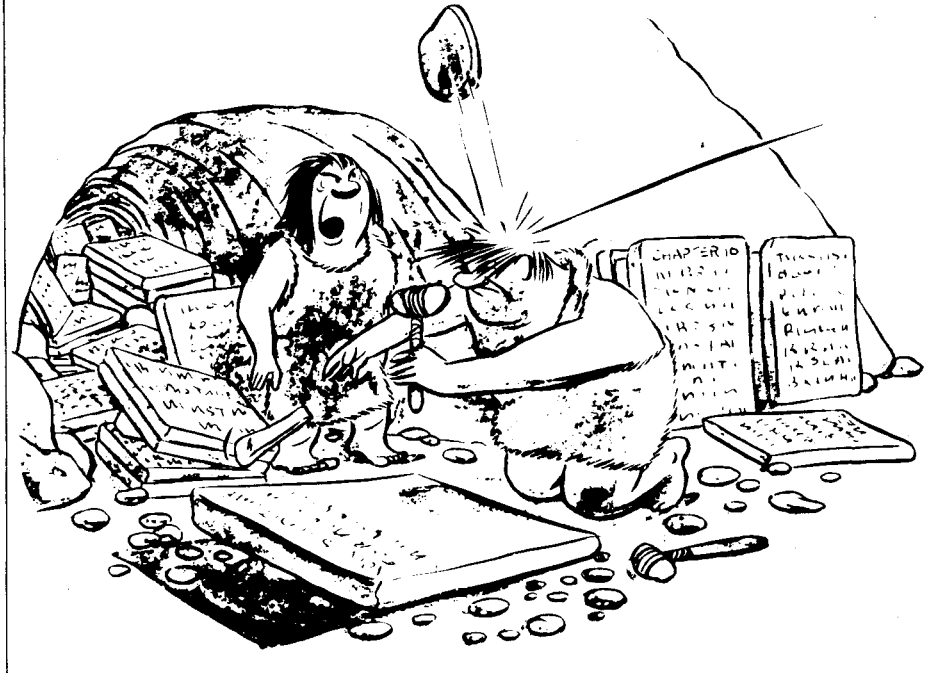

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ented young actor with his legitimate performance of the Stanley Kowalski role, enlarges it in the film version to seem even more shocking, to have more facets. One now sees in a clearer light the essential vulgarity that doomed Blanche Dubois. Also appearing to far better advantage are Kim Hunter and Karl Malden as, respectively, Kowalski's wife and friend. And of all who played the role of Blanche, Vivien Leigh was undoubtedly the best and most fortunate choice. Already a distinguished actress, she has never seemed so subtly and completely immersed in a characterization.

The audience feels a jar from the picture's first shot, as taxicabs careen with the screech of rubber tires into the New Orleans railway station. There the Desire streetcar is waiting for passengers. When the white, lost face of Blanche Dubois appears out of a swirl of steam from the locomotive, it is as though she has come from another world, that, already, it is courageous of her to face this noisy, raucous one. After a visit to the bowling alley, where she finds her sister, she enters the slum quarters of the Kowalskis in the Vieux Carré, with its faint vestiges of a long-faded elegance. Kazan, within this restricted space, keeps the cameraman restlessly on the move (no other Hollywood director does this to quite the degree), here picking out a drunken grin, there a mask of torture. A lampshade that Blanche has used to soften the harshness is ripped off, a curtain is torn aside, a mirror shatters. If silence comes, like a long-awaited relief, soon from the outside is heard a call or a cacophony. All around, you are made to feel, is the nervous, violent reality. Like a caged beast Kowalski is ready to spring. The soft, fragile playing of Miss Leigh registers a long series of tremors, each mounting in intensity, until finally one sees and comprehends her destruction. No mercy is shown her, nor is any given to the audience.

It will be interesting to see how this remarkable picture fares in the cinema houses of the country. For it contains characterizations more full and subtle than any yet shown in a Hollywood movie, and, beyond a few minor points, little has been softened in it. One of the best plays of recent years has, in its re-emergence on the screen, become even more poignant and forceful. Elia Kazan is largely responsible, and along with George Stevens, has given fresh life to the latent power of the motion-picture medium. With styles and techniques that belong to us, "A Place in the Sun" and "Streetcar" stand comparison with any of the most notable films from abroad.

—Hollis Alpert.

IN SEARCH OF A CANADIAN ACCENT

(*Continued from page 8*)

Interestingly enough, the historians of Canada and the critics of Canadian poetry, by very different processes, milled out nearly the same group of qualities that they felt determined Canadianism—that is, the distinctive proportions in a mixture of ordinary human qualities that tradition and environment had evolved in Canada. The historians credited Canadians with noticeably large amounts of the frontier virtues—the enterprise, resourcefulness, determination, and endurance that, added together, made for alert dependability. In addition, their political virtues of mutual accommodation without civil war and their immense respect for law and order were naturally allied to their canny conservatism and shrewd sense of the possible to create a strong bias towards stability and against radicalism.

The poets and their critics found a Canadian accent. It was cautious, even prudish, in the sense that it clung to the conventional and commonplace in expression; it was insufficiently aware of the maturity and complexity of Canada and of the study, learning, and experimentation that lie behind great poetry. On the other hand, it was intently focussed on, rather than exuberant about, nature and, as Northrop Frye put it, "the outstanding achievement of Canadian poetry is in the evocation of stark terror. Not a coward's terror, of course, but a controlled vision of the causes of cowardice. The immediate source of this is obviously the frightening loneliness of a huge and thinly settled country." Ralph Gustafson summed up what the historians called frontier virtues in the word "poise," and added the capacity to see and be affectionately amused by human follies and foibles. "Canadians . . . aren't sorry for themselves."

And then last year, when the American Philosophical Association met at Toronto, it held a symposium on philosophy in English-speaking Canada during the past century. The interested may find its substance in the *University of Toronto Quarterly* for January 1951. Professor Charles W. Hendel of Yale, in summing up, found that the philosophy had been largely moral philosophy, had transcended nationalism, and had a remarkable unity in diversity. "Canadians, it appears, simply will not travel in shoals"; but "the things that make for 'disunity' are limited and controlled by that common philosophy of the Canadian community."

Canadian culture, then, has developed a sturdy, dependable, and recognizable core. It has been, and circumstances seem likely to compel it to continue, somewhat cautious and canny. It is still rather guilt-ridden about borrowing from the intellectual and esthetic achievements of others and resentful of what it considers inadequate recognition of its own. Yet it can laugh at itself, as Stephen Leacock and John D. Robins, among others, have engagingly demonstrated. And it is essentially native, a series of responses by a series of traditions to a series of sharply differentiated environments. During the past generation, at least, it has been discovering its community of sensitivity and expression. It is to be hoped that it will not be frightened by the United States into any kind of nationalistic conformity, but will create freedom and richness for itself and others by harmonizing rather than unifying the particular and the general.

Meanwhile the Royal Commission's "Report" makes good, informative, and stimulating reading. Americans, who have been borrowing and adapting ideas and institutions from Canada for some time, might find in it some light and leading, particularly in the urgent matter of how the state is to take the place of philanthropy in the encouragement of scholarship and the arts.

J. B. Brebner, a native of Canada, is professor of history at Columbia University. His books include "The Interplay of Canada, the United States, and Great Britain" and "The Mingling of the Canadian and American Peoples."

Catastrophe

By Ben Ray Redman

THE WEB of the spider parts
With a clap of arachnoid thunder,
Soft as the youngest down,
Silent as sphinxes at midnight;
And a world is suddenly gone,
That was cunningly built for the ages.

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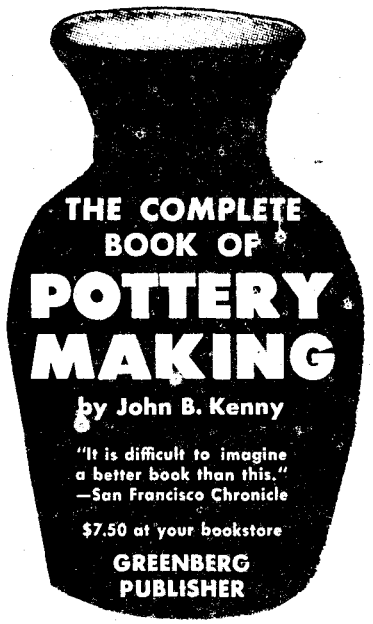

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ART BOOKS

(Continued from page 23)

legs and, as the text explains, "this x-shaped support adds stability to resilient chair structure." From Mies-van-der-Rohe back to Me-thu-se-lah! The other product is the "collapsible toidie seat for the little tot away from home." "The problem was to provide a compact, folding toilet seat for children, which would fit easily into a man's pocket or a woman's purse and, when open, would fit any standard fixture. It also had to be durable, sanitary, and pleasing in packaging and appearance . . ." Yet it consists of four parts which slide into each other with open joints—an invitation to the overflow-accumulation of the "toidie's" liquid. How much simpler and more sanitary are the paper cut-outs which, at certain public stations, are automatically dispensed, and, after use, disposed of and flushed away. But by proper promotion and amusing packaging this product too achieved "in less than six months national distribution."

Decorative Arts

CURRIER & IVES. By F. A. Conningham.
AMERICAN RUGS. By Estelle H. Ries.
AMERICAN SILVER. By Kathryn Buhler.
EARLY AMERICAN FIREARMS. By Robert Abels.
PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH ART. By Ruth Adams.
AMERICAN GLASS. By Katharine McClinton.
Six volumes in the American Arts Library. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. $1.00 each.

By Rlene L. Howell

THESE SIX small, inexpensive, and profusely illustrated volumes on American decorative arts are not for the antiquary or the serious student of American antiques. But collectors of the relics and crafts of our past will welcome the information and pictures they provide.

Kathryn Buhler's little volume is a fine survey of the art of the American silversmith. She discusses the various styles of silver, as well as such novel items as gold and silver tooth pickers, caudle cups, snuff boxes, and forks! It is not easy to remember that the fork was rare in the seventeenth century and regarded by many with suspicion. At that time it was commonly said that "when we have

Lois and William Katzenbach —"tapestry of the economist."

washed our hands we need no little forks to make hay of our mouths, to throw our meat into them."

Ruth Adams in her "Pennsylvania Dutch Art" tells of the "Hook and Eye Amish," who wore no buttons, the Dunkers, the Mennonites, the Moravians, and the Schwenkfelders, a sect famous in the art of fractur-writing. The work of these German immigrants abounds in religious imagery. God was for them "the Rose of Sharon, the Dove that Feeds Among the Lilies, the Tree of Life, the Sun, the Flower, the Garden," and these symbols they put on their chests, chairs, and boxes, on everything they loved and used. Miss Adams has included in her book some charming, though all too little, material on these people and their crafts.

Although I have no interest in American firearms, I found Robert Abels's little book on the subject entertaining and full of information on old matchlocks, snaphance muskets, and Brown Bess flintlocks. There is a chapter on such curiosities as the Minneapolis Palm pistol, fired by squeezing a lever, and Reid's Knuckle-duster, a gun with a brass knuckle grip.

When Harry T. Peters started collecting Currier & Ives prints before they became popular, he picked up originals in harness shops and stables for fifty cents to a dollar or more apiece. William Nolen, an assistant professor of biology at Harvard, amassed a huge collection at little expense, and when he died, an auction of his collection brought twenty thousand dollars. Currier & Ives prints became big business, and thousands of collectors haunt the shops today searching for some obscure picture. Unfortunately for the lover of Currier & Ives, the prints lose something in the reproduction of Mr. Conningham's book, especially the color prints, but the text has some interesting material.

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Art Book Notes

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF AMERICAN WALLPAPER. By Lois and William Katzenbach. Lippincott. $10. Henri Clouzot wrote in 1924 that wallpaper is "the tapestry of the economist" and in 1951 its status has not changed. The modern paper designer proves again that although wallpaper design can be graceful, colorful, and varied, it remains an imitation.

There are fine plates of vines, flowers, and geometric patterns in this "Practical Book of American Wallpaper," but the modern paper manufacturer has even gone to the length of depicting vertical (jail-like) bars, optical illusions, sculptured papers, and cobwebs. It is regrettable that no illustrations of the scenic papers of England and France are included or added material about some early craftsmen like Le François and Jean Papillon to show the reader something more of the development of wallpaper from its late sixteenth century beginnings. However, this book is primarily for the interior decorator and the lack of such material will not distress him and the housewife who will find the book highly practical for decorating or redecorating in the latest mode.

—R. L. H.

BUILDING MODERN SWEDEN. By Bertil Hultén. Penguin Books. $1. As too many advertisements have already told us, two words that sound the same may not mean the same thing. But what is even more curious, words which exasperate one generation may not even ruffle the next. In the 1790s, when Saint-Just announced that happiness was a new idea in Europe, even his fellow terrorists of the French Revolution were thrilled, but it is by no means certain that the vision of happiness—mere happiness—disturbs the dreams of many Americans in 1951. Theologians have questioned whether happiness is in itself an ideal for Christians, and those adventurous spirits who dare the utmost would have us believe that happiness may be only a pseudonym for mediocrity.

Yet happiness, to judge from this British picture book of the contemporary architecture of Sweden, is a very real ideal for Swedes, and for those Britons who swear by the Labor Government. For the architects Bertil Hultén is introducing are architects who dream no desperate dreams, but think rather in terms of the charms of the leveling of incomes. S. Markelius, one of the most prominent of the Swedish moderns, may seem even timorous to Americans who remember the romantic aims of Frank Lloyd Wright. To make too much of this timorousness, however, is to miss the point of "Building Modern Sweden."

"During the last ten years," the author admits, "there have been few examples of villa architecture in Sweden comparable to the best that has been produced abroad, especially in the United States." Which is another way of saying that the Swedes have thought less about the art of architecture than the science of providing reasonably attractive minimum housing.

This picture book, emphasizing the decent joys of life within the reach of the majority of Swedes, tells us much about Sweden but even more about Britain under the Labor Government. "At the age of sixty-seven everyone in the country is entitled to a small but adequate pension," Hultén declares. The "adequate" houses of Sweden may not seem satisfactory to ambitious Americans, but then Americans, for better or worse, aren't living in the same world.

—WAYNE ANDREWS.

AMERICAN FOLK DECORATION. By Jean Lipman and Eve Meulendyke. Oxford University Press. $10. The native decoration of Pennsylvania and New England is a charming art full of color and simplicity. The beautiful heart and tulip designs from Pennsylvania, the pots of flowers and rural scenes of Maine and Connecticut are a part of the expression of an affectionate people who felt that the objects they lived with should be beautiful as well as useful.

There are specific instructions in Jean Lipman and Eve Meulendyke's "American Folk Decoration" for reproducing these designs in stencils, japanning, glass painting, and various other techniques. Fortunately, the examples chosen, like a gay Pennsylvania dough trough, or a sturdy pine spoon rack, or stenciled walls from a Maine house, or a New England painted fireboard, are handsome and worth reproducing. These have all been selected with taste, and although no craftsman myself, I would say the instructions seem clear and fairly easy to follow.

—R. L. H.

The Mind of 1951

The current issue of THE TIMES Literary Supplement includes, under this title, a series of special articles designed to give as complete a picture as possible of contemporary British writing. Grouped under such headings as World Affairs, Philosophy, Fiction, Poetry, and Religion, the articles examine notable books in each of these categories recently published in Britain and list a selection of the more important which have appeared during the past twelvemonth.

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There are also announcements by British publishing firms which provide a comprehensive guide to the new books that are to appear in the next six months.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

DOMINION DATELINE

CANADIANS and Americans have been bustling into Toronto for the Canadian National Exposition, a mammoth yearly extravaganza that displays prize Canadian heifers and prize Canadian art with equanimity. The fair, which opened August 24 and is scheduled to run through September 8, is generally accredited to be the Largest Permanent Annual Exposition in the World, a title which recalls that singular dice contest of the Broadway show, "Guys and Dolls," which is advertised as the "Largest Permanent Floating Crap Game in the World."

While undoubtedly comprising the largest showing of Canadian culture outside a museum, the "Ex," as it is familiarly known, also portrays the Dominion's yearly progress in the field of agronomy, handicrafts, industry, sports, vacationing, and military might. There is always a monster vaudeville show played twice a day on the largest outdoor stage in North America. The grandstand seats 25,000. Danny Kaye played the "Ex" last year, receiving $30,000 for his trouble. This year the show is built around James Durante, that prime exponent of proboscidean culture.

While Canadians have never been able to generate very much steam over American baseball, excitement is already bubbling up over a world series for big game fishermen which opens in Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, September 12. Eight squads representing the United States, Cuba, Brazil, Peru, Argentina, Chile, the British Commonwealth, and the Scandinavian countries will compete for the International Tuna Cup Match. Wedgeport's tuna are not exactly undernourished. The world's record was pulled in last year by Commander Duncan Hodgson, a Canadian naval officer. It weighed 977 pounds. Said he, "It was like tying on to the tail end of a highballing express train."

Tuna tourney men really have to be excited at the idea of hooking a big fish, for they are called upon to rise each morning during the three-day competition at 4 A.M., have breakfast at 4:30, then journey the twelve miles from Yarmouth, where everyone stays, to the docks at Wedgeport. All lines must be pulled in at 4 P.M., but anyone with a fish on the hook can play it all night if necessary.

Hodgson's record-breaker was caught from a dory, and the fish towed him for twelve miles, but tuna angling is usually done in a small power boat without outriggers which can fish one person at a time. A fleet of about forty boats operates out of Wedgeport, but during the tournament eight are used by the teams, four by judges, six for press, and, as an observer at last year's competition put it, two for booze and one for beer.

The Nova Scotia bluefin tuna season opens in June and runs to October, getting better all the time. Lakeside Inn, the neat little Canadian Pacific hotel in Yarmouth, had twelve guests the day it opened for the season in June, and ten of them were there for the fishing. On the other hand, Gene Tunney went out after last year's September tournament and boated a fish that tipped the beam at 600 pounds plus.

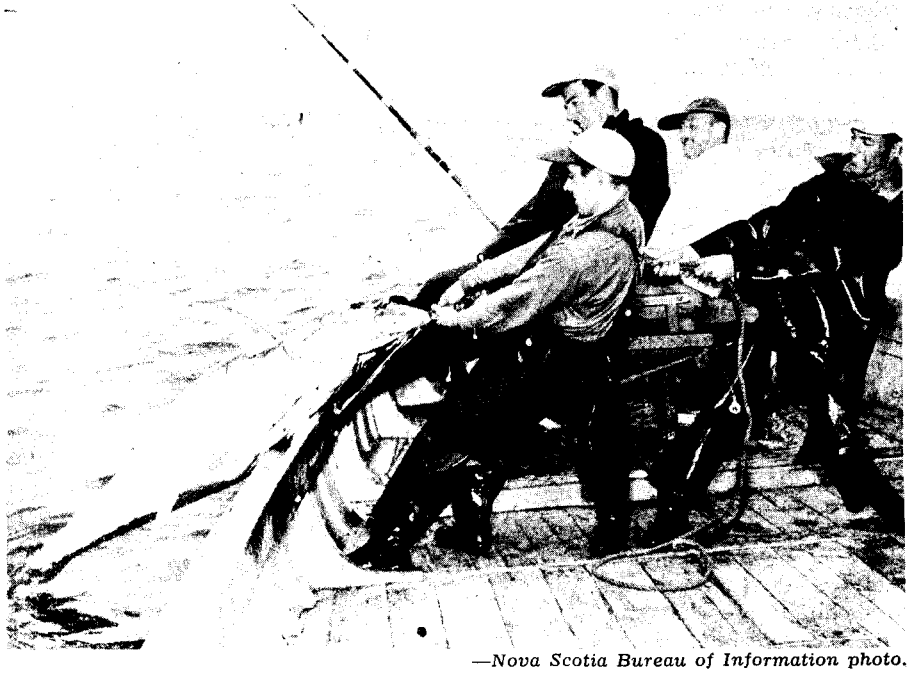
Most of the tuna fishing off Wedgeport is conducted in a watery alley a mile long and a half-mile wide known as Soldier's Rip. The Rip is a swift, churning tidal stream, except during the ebb and neap tides, and the tuna use it as a catch-basin for schools of herring. The herring can't get out of the Rip and they keep nice and fresh until the tuna get hungry. Game fishermen, those wily ole critters, use herring bait, and just when a tuna thinks he is going to munch a nice herring breakfast he gets the hook.

Etiquette being etiquette, it might be well to mention that a boat crew expects a tip of about $20 for the three-day tourney, and it is also awarded the catch. The going price for tuna on the docks in Nova Scotia is six and one-half cents a pound minus head, fins, guts, and tail. A 700-pound tuna dresses out, as they say, at 500 pounds. Total take: $32.50. A six-ounce can of tuna sells for forty-five cents around our block and you can't get a tuna on white bread at the local lunch counter for less than half a buck.

For anyone who would rather take his game out of the air than out of the sea, the Province of Quebec is on the main flyway for mallards, teal, and woodcock. There will shortly be a mass exodus of hunters heading for the regions north of Laurentians, particularly to the Gaspé, to intercept the ducks as they steam southward to Florida and the Caribbean, the wealthier ones even descending as far as South America. Up at the Lac Ouimet Club in the Laurentians the proprietor conducts an annual fall goose hunt. The party travels from the Quebec resort by seaplane and makes camp on the fringe of James Bay, an indenture in Hudson Bay.

One of the best fall bargains is the Learn to Golf Weeks at Gray Rocks Inn in Ste. Jovite, Quebec. The Inn offers six nights and seven days, all meals, full golf privileges, two group golf lessons every day, and the usual facilities for all guests at a total tariff of $55.

The two tourists who will cause the biggest fuss in Canada this fall



—Nova Scotia Bureau of Information photo.

At the Wedgeport Derby—The British team hauls in an entry.

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are Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh who are due to disembark from the *Empress of France* at Quebec, Tuesday, October 2, at 10 A.M. There will follow a month's tour that will take the royal couple out to British Columbia and down to Washington, before they sail home in November.

The trip, which is viewed as a symbol of the tie with the homeland and as a test for other voyages by the Princess and the Duke soon to follow, is already creating a national case of dithers in the land upstairs. In Sarnia, Ont., opposite Port Huron, Mich., a citizen lambasted the local council for failing to issue an invitation to the royal couple to visit the Polymer plant where synthetic rubber is made from oil. A councilman, looking ahead to the coming elections, got up and said that city finances were not in good enough shape to go entertaining royalty while taxes in Sarnia remained so high.

In Toronto, the *Telegram* sent photographer Louis Jacques (they call it *jakes*) over to London to get some pre-visit pictures of Elizabeth and Philip. Canadians were so hungry for tidbits about the forthcoming visit that the *Telegram* had Jacques write five thousand-word articles about his photographic mission. They ran every day for a week on the front page and proved to be an amalgam of dignified awe and lensmen's lingo. Reported photographer Jacques, "The royal couple appeared gracious and smiling. No sneak shots were allowed." —HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

CANADA'S CENTURY. By D. M. Lebourdais. British Book Service. $4. Shortly after the turn of the century Sir Wilfred Laurier in a moment of glowing optimism predicted that the twentieth century belonged to Canada. He had no idea of the potential of the dominion's oil and iron resources, nor what new locked territories in the northland would soon be unlocked by aviation. The book travels from the Maritimes and Newfoundland, west to British Columbia looking over the geography, assessing the new natural resources and what is left of the old, and appraising the trade routes. It also probes north into the District of Mackenzie, a tract that amounts to half a million square miles containing, among other things, gold fields and uranium deposits. That brings the author to Alaska which prompts him to propose a dreamy idea about reestablishing the highway from Asia to America by way of the Bering Straits. After all, the first

Tunney, left, and tuna, right. Ex-heavyweight champion's fish scaled 608 pounds.

Americans used the route 25,000 to 30,000 years ago. No Iron Curtain could contain the urge of people to be able to travel from the tip of Patagonia to Portugal, says the author. I wonder what Uncle Joe would think of the plan. I mean Joe McCarthy.

THE PROVINCES OF FRANCE. Edited by Doré Ogrizek. McGraw-Hill. $6.50. The World in Color Series, which seems to keep rolling along as relentlessly as the Rhine, first gave us "France: Paris and the Provinces," followed some years later by "The Paris We Love." Having first given us the whole country and then the capital city, it was inevitable that we should get a wrap-up of the provinces again, uncomplicated by the presence in the same book of a word about the capital. As usual the volume is made up of a series of separate essays which vary in flavor and style because they have been done by a long list of contributors. As usual it is profusely illustrated in full color, following the picture-a-page format of the series. Each chapter offers that province's agricultural, cultural, and geographic place in the whole country, and each is sandwiched between some pertinent quotation about the area and a few paragraphs on local food and drink. A few early sections take in the art in the provinces. —H. S.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 428

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 428 will be found in the next issue.

WTBUPSUI STVGIFRTQVC

STDUQT GQS BTDUQT

BTXGVUPQCFUWC.

—W: Y. VFPRGZGQ.

Answer to Crypt No. 427

Tranquillity will roof a house, but discord can wear away the foundations of a city.

—ERNEST BRAMAH.

SPIKED RUMOR CORNER

Somebody started an ugly rumor that Americans would be required to present birth certificates before entering Canada. It is absolutely untrue. Americans may prove their citizenship by any method from showing a birth certificate to whistling "Yankee Doodle" on key.

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FICTION NOTES

(*Continued from page 20*)

uncle, half-breed, and almost wholly uncivilized. Later Owen discovers that his uncle is really his father. This naturally changes everybody's relationship to everybody else, but doesn't occur until the uncle-father has seduced the lovely Ysel, been himself mysteriously murdered on a dark and windy night, and Ysel has died of fever. After that the complications become hopelessly entangled but in the end Owen inherits the ancestral home, traces down the ramifications of his ancestry, marries a beautiful distant cousin he happens upon in Italy, and, king of his lovely island, lives happily forever afterward.

Miss Boutcher's generous and frenetic plot is, however, but the framework on which she hangs a whole treasury of Long Island history and folklore. Surely every tale that has ever been told about that island's early history is included here. We are also taken, for no apparent reason, on a whaling voyage, conducted on a tour of Italy in the last days of the last century, instructed at length in the art of sericulture, and regaled with sea chanteys, old ballads, and snatches of poetry that happened to catch the author's eye. It all adds up to something which the publishers call a novel. I can't think of another word for it but there ought to be one.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

FORTY POUNDS OF GOLD. By Phil Stong. Doubleday. $3. Mr. Stong must have written this one between yawns. It doesn't seem possible that a skilled writer could take a couple of sharp-shooting Iowa farmboys, Mississippi steamboating, Panamanian pirates, the California gold-rush, and a brace of man-hungry girls, and come up with literary phenobarbital, but the proof is in the reading.

You can get some idea of the general torpor from this description of a fist fight: "Clark understood the whole situation. He went over and hit the mate. The mate hit him. He hit the mate. They hit each other. They kept on hitting each other. . . . Pretty soon Clark hit the mate and the mate went down on his face." Joining at least one reader.

For those conscientious souls still in attendance, "Forty Pounds of Gold" tells the story of how two thoroughly corn-bred Iowan boys, one small but quick on the draw, the other equipped with "two hands which would have frightened Hercules while he was strangling the Nemean lion," raft themselves down the Mississippi, struggle through Colón, hike across Panama, sail for San Francisco, pan in the foothills of the Sierras, get their gold, are got by their women, and return home.

En route with John and Clark (plus a Kentuckian who proves he's from the South by calling his friends Yankees), you will learn something about raft-making, old-time firearms, carpetbags, jerky parlor-men, and mining. You will also enjoy a species of humor hitherto thought to be the special property of Lum and Abner.

—CHARLES LEE.

FABIOLA. By Cardinal Wiseman. Retold by Eddie Doherty. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $3. This spectacular pageant of third-century Rome will soon be a hundred years old, but you would hardly know it. True, despite Eddie Doherty's modernization of the style, there are baroque passages that betray its birthdate. But in dynamic characterization and dramatic interplay of mystery and suspense, the tale of the pagan patrician, Fabiola, can hold its own with today's thrillers. Indeed, in an era when religion is persecuted behind the Iron Curtain, what could be more timely than this story of imperial pogroms against the Christians and of heroic martyrdom by rack, fire, fang, and claw? Then as now, mock trials were staged, Maximian's judges making up in raw brutality what they lacked in the subtler advantages of our own modern scientific sadism.

One after the other, Fabiola sees her Christian friends die at the hands of the emperor's executioners, even Sebastian, whom she loves. Right within her own circle, vicious apostates conspire in an anti-Christian fifth column. Fabiola's counterplots succeed, especially in a spiritual sense. The mystical vengeance that is hers proves operative long after Maximian's last martyr has been clawed to death in the Flavian amphitheatre.

Quite aside from its achievement as popular fiction, "Fabiola" stands out as an impressive chapter of social history. Here is an authentic picture of Rome's elegant villas and vice-ridden baths, the vast melting pot of her slaves and legionaries, the austere catacombs that housed forbidden altars and the martyr dead. Cardinal Wiseman, an authority on early Christianity, has recreated a decadent old society as it is losing a rear-guard action against the savage strength of the young barbarian tribes and the revitalizing influence of a lowly new faith.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

THE RECKLESS HEART. By Catherine Severn. Doubleday. $3. This is the story of Lisbee Vries, who at eighteen was "as unbelievable as an apple tree in bloom. You had that same distracted feeling that you didn't know where to look first." She was, as a matter of fact, too beautiful for her own or anyone else's good, particularly

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

THE CHILDREN IN SHERLOCK HOLMES STORIES

Judy Otis, of Albany, New York, began criticizing this department's errors at the age of eight. Now, at the ripe old age of thirteen, she has won prizes for her poetry and short stories and is busy writing a novel. Meanwhile, she has become a Sherlock Holmes enthusiast, anxious to form a children's branch of the Baker Street Irregulars, and so, to qualify for membership, she submits this week's quiz.

Allowing 10 points for each story identified and an extra two if you can name the child involved, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 39.

1. He was the captain of the original Baker Street Irregulars who was set on the trail of the boat *Aurora*.
2. The daughter of a lodge keeper, she saw violent altercation between a father and son.
3. He showed a remarkable fondness for torturing weaker creatures, such as mice, insects, and small birds.
4. She was the child of a Negro man and a white woman.
5. He was abducted from his school by his father's illegitimate son.
6. To assist Holmes on a case, he went to twenty-three hotels, giving the porters a shilling for permisison to look in the waste baskets.
7. Holmes reproved this boy for risking his life by opening the blinds of the bay window.
8. Out of jealousy he attempted to kill his half brother.

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when she learned to use her beauty and her arrogant charm without scruple or kindliness, simply as a means of acquiring what she wanted. Lisbee would have said that she wanted Love, but it was really power over the loved one that she wanted; not to give her own heart, but to take another's. And she wanted, fiercely, to Belong—to be of that world which her father's contemptuous flouting of convention had insulted and estranged; a world on whose fringes she hung until she attracted and captured Neil Ethridge, The Woman Hater, the most eligible boy in town. (The emphatic capitals in the foregoing are Miss Severn's own.) Her blade blooded, Lisbee pursued her way of conquest until, after an engagement, an elopement (not with her fiance) and an annulment, true love finally conquered *her*.

The background of Miss Severn's romantic novel is the small town of Trevore, West Virginia, in the early teens of the century, and it is written in the form of a reminiscence—the narrator being Mary Cullen, Lisbee's younger sister (fourteen at the time) who, from some later point, looks back upon those years and upon the Vries family: the bleak and cynical father, the gentle mother whose love enveloped the small world in which the children moved, the rowdy twin brothers, herself, and Lisbee. The telling of a story from the viewpoint of an observer is a difficult technique, and Miss Severn has up to a point struggled manfully to maintain it. That Lisbee should make a confidante of her adolescent sister is to a certain extent plausible; that this ubiquitous child should have been a spectator (particularly in those staider days) of some of Lisbee's and Neil's more impulsive moments is a strain on one's credulity. Finally, however, it would appear that the author has just thrown up her hands and trusted to luck that no one would wonder how Mary Cullen could reminisce for pages and pages about situations, scenes, and conversations which took place when she was not present.

Occasionally Mary Cullen's recollections of her own experiences and emotions are moving and real, but for the most part I find the characters in this novel unconvincing, and the novel itself disorganized and undistinguished

—Sara Henderson Hay.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS: A Novel About Albrecht Dürer. By F. Hope Fisher. Harper. $3. Add another name to the still small list of competent, responsible craftsmen working in the field of historical fiction. Miss Fisher has persuasively reconstructed life in the city of Nuremberg in the time of Albrecht Dürer, at the end of the fifteenth century. It was a time of high interest in the arts, and Nuremberg was a city of guilds and artisans; it was also a city periodically revisited by the bubonic plague, beset with medieval superstitions and pogroms, ruled with cruelty and corruption. These elements are all woven skilfully into the background of Miss Fisher's re-creation of the married life of Albrecht Dürer and his wife Agnes. Her story is not overly dramatic—indeed, her one excursion into melodramatic action is the weakest section in the book. She is concerned rather with how Dürer, already an artist gaining international repute, struggled and finally gained the love of a wife unwillingly joined to him in an arranged marriage. She also avoids, perhaps wisely, all but the most cursory glimpses of Dürer's struggles and speculations as he strove toward the perfecting of his art. It is her detailing of the day-to-day life of the Dürer and related families, and of the homelier minutiae of fifteenth-century Nuremberg life, that gives substantial virtue to this warmly pleasant novel.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

ANOTHER MAN'S LIFE. By Barbara Noble. Doubleday. $3. The late Don Marquis's sagacious, night-prowling insect once remarked: "A suicide is a person who has considered his own case and decided it is worthless and who acts as his own judge, jury, and executioner." Archy's *reductio ad absurdum* of an essentially tragic character just about describes the hero of Barbara Noble's novel which misses the tragedy but plumbs the dreariness and futility of attempted self-destruction.

Lonely and aimless in postwar London, Simon Chart drifts off a Thames bridge as he had drifted through life. But even his exit is bungled when he is fished out of the river by a passerby who drowns in his stead. Placed in the care of a sympathetic probation officer, Simon goes to live with his half-sister, Hester, who does little to restore his will to survive. His mental cure does not begin until he seeks refuge in the home of his rescuer's widow and mother. Naturally, he proceeds to fall in love with the former and to captivate the latter. And in his efforts to assume the deceased man's role Simon succeeds in exorcising his goblins.

The motivation for Simon's abortive suicide is superficial and unconvincing. If failure and loneliness were all, river traffic would find it hard to navigate past the plunging bodies. Despite these prevalent symptoms, most people seem to hang on. Why didn't Simon? If the author had examined his malaise with more perception she might have won the reader's interest and sympathy. As it is, one wonders cruelly if Simon might not have been better left at the bottom of the river.

—Ray Pierre.

THE GOLDEN ROAD. By Peter Bourne. Putnam. $3.50. For his second historical novel Mr. Bourne has contrived a rather standard and unconvincing chase theme as a thread on which to hang his romance of the Isthmus of Panama during the years of the Gold Rush. Henry Stewart was not brought to the Isthmus by his lust for gold; he wanted to vindicate his honor. Back in Boston he'd been framed on an embezzlement charge. The only way to clear his name was to track down the plotter of this fell deed, Al Simpson, and force from him a confession of his guilt. This he does with the aid of an honest gambler, a Western adventurer, and, finally, the Texas Rangers. Along the way he aids in the building of the Isthmian railroad, gets himself rather improbably involved in some Negro witchcraft rites which Mr. Bourne seems to have had left over from his first novel, "Drums of Destiny," and becomes a hard-shooting, two-fisted "man." This last part of the process includes two love affairs, one with Abigail Vandusen, mannish woman explorer, and one with Lucy, a reformed prostitute who almost looks as if she'll get him for a while. However, his heart remains true to Jean, the dream girl back in Boston.

Mr. Bourne writes a fast, painless prose, provides plenty of somewhat loosely motivated action, and is generous with the commodity known as color. He also gives what seems to be a hint of another rousing adventure story up his sleeve. What about that half million dollars in hi-jacked gold El Jaguar is said to have hidden back in the Panamanian hills? Will Ran Runnels, the Texas Ranger, leave it to moulder there? I somehow doubt it.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
FRANCO-RUSSIAN BALLET		
TCHAIKOWSKY: THE SWAN LAKE. French Nat. Symphony, Desormieres. Capitol P-8142 TCHAIKOWSKY: SWAN LAKE SUITE; LIEUTENANT KIJE SUITE. FRENCH Nat. Symphony, Desormieres. Capitol P-8140	An ingenious use of tape editing—simultaneous release of complete and excerpt versions of same performance, heretofore mostly used in opera excerpting. Capitol has a prize in the French National as here recorded (evidently non-Telefunken); excellent wide-range sound, sharp, clean highs and good surface, bass a bit thin á la RCA.	In this day of standardization it's interesting to hear the very un-Germanic physical sound of this orchestra. A pleasure, too, to have accurate, well-rehearsed LP music. This is rather tight, high-strung playing but effortlessly controlled in the French manner. Good for Tchaikowsky and good for ballet.
PROKOFIEFF: THE LOVE FOR THREE ORANGES SUITE; LIEUTENANT KIJE SUITE. French National Symphony, Desormieres. Capitol P-8149	Last year's ballet revival of "Three Oranges" made recording of the bulk of the score inevitable—after 30 years of the silly March and no more! Noisy, acid, full-bottomed music in the Petrouchka-Sacre tradition, quite unlike the later (and earlier) more mellow or brooding Prokofieff but nevertheless a wonderful passel of sound effects, superbly orchestrated. "Lt. Kije," the film score, is lesser stuff but with catchy tunes that have kept it alive; I remember the Boston 78 rpm recording as better listening. This record, with such brassy music, makes a spectacular "hi-fi" item in spite of some trouble in bass with limiter action.	
SINGERS OF THE *LIED*		
(Note: In this country we epitomize the German *lied,* for the female voice at least, in the singing of Lehmann. That she is part of a great tradition we are not so immediately aware. Here is Lehmann herself with two current "old country" leaders who carry on the same tradition of performance. Those who know Lehmann well will hear at once the similarity of approach—a personal, dramatic, colorfully projected, well-dicted style that few American-trained singers can touch. Incidentally, the variety of seldom-heard Schubert and other *lied* here offered would, before LP, have been sensational. Don't overlook it in the LP flood. —E.T.C.)		
TIANA LEMNITZ — A LIEDER RECITAL (Cornelius, Schubert, Wolf). M. Raucheisen, pf. Urania URLP 7013	Lemnitz is a first-rate *lied* singer; a pure, high, rather soft voice, with fine musicianship, excellent diction making up for the softish tone. The long "Viola" of Schubert, most of one LP side, is worth the record, a rare Schubert experience. With five Cornelius, three Wolf and two more Schubert this makes a rewarding recital. Recording fair—piano too much in background (but well played).	
MARGARETE CLOSE — RECITAL OF ARIAS AND LIEDER, M. Raucheisen, pf. Anon. Orchestra. Urania URLP 7017	Another good lieder singer though not up to Lemnitz in purity of style. A Traubel-like voice deep mezzo, full and throaty, the lieder rather "voicy," but made good by excellent and natural diction, sharp sense of dramatic climax. (Trauble would sing like this if she had been born German!) The standard arias—Handel's Largo, Gluck's "Che faro," etc. are completely routine and plain silly on LP—far better two sides of the much more exciting *lieder.*	
LEMNITZ SINGS WAGNER (Wesendonck Songs; Lohengrin Love Duet; Dich Teure Halle). M. Raucheisen, pf.; Berlin Radio Symphony, Rother. Franz Volker, tenor. Urania URLP 7019	Another piano-orchestra split with similar results. The Wesendonck songs are done here with original piano—well worthwhile, since Lemnitz sings them, accordingly, as *lieder,* not mere piano transcriptions of opera arias. Interesting—Wagner wrote much opera at the piano and these songs went into "Tristan" in part. They make good piano songs, though hardly true *lieder.* The "only complete" Love Duet I find mostly tired and forced, Lemnitz never less than fairly good, Volker just plain tired, very Germanic in the worst sense!	
SCHUMANN: DICHTERLIEBE. Lotte Lehmann; Bruno Walter, pf. Columbia ml 2183 (10") SCHUMANN. FRAUENLIEBE UND LEBEN. Lotte Lehmann; Bruno Walter, pf. Columbia ml 2182 (10")	LP reissues of the 78 rpm albums of some years back. Dead acoustics, the piano strangely guitar-like, as though recorded in a closet! But Lehmann's voice comes through with excellent clarity, clear diction, adequate highs.	"Last period" Lehmann—at top of her dramatic, projectional power, with that luminous, joyful-sad quality of her best, in spite of the familiar swoops, occasional flattings and muffed notes. Walter makes a didactic accompanist, hindered by poor recording.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

Book Marks

They looked for all the world like any average middle-aged couple anywhere, but particularly a middle-class suburban couple in Chevy Chase, Pride's Crossing, Germantown, Shaker Heights, Lake Forest, or Westchester.

THIS LITTLE en-passant guessing-game is propounded by Charles Jackson in "The Outer Edges," and we enjoyed identifying the cities of which the communities he lists are suburbs. (Mr. Jackson cites no specific community in Westchester County, New York, because that is where most of the story is laid.) Here are some additions, made on our own responsibility. To what American cities are *these* communities suburban?

Wilkinsburg
Shorewood
American Fork
Westwood
Webster Groves
Arabi
Decatur
Golden
Issaquah
Towson
Fort Calhoun
Covington
Tonawanda
Vancouver
Stillwater
Fortville
San Mateo
Independence
Dearborn
Sugarland

There will be no list of answers. No prizes. No refunds.

* * *

Bluefish, whitefish, rockfish, weakfish all sound reasonable. But why *tuna fish?* And if *tuna fish,* why not *shad fish, salmon fish,* and *trout fish?* It isn't the canners' fault—they say *tuna.* Blame the sandwich shoppes.

* * *

Suggestions for a building wrecker's weekend reading: "The House Without a Key" (Biggers), "The House Without Windows" (Follett), "The House Without a Roof" (Sayre), "The House Without a Door" (Sterling).

* * *

I knew a guy once who wrote stories for magazines, and every time he sold one he would get out a big Buick roadster he owned, put the top down, and drive from New York to Pittsburgh and back just as fast as he could go. He got a bang out of selling the story, but he had to pile a bigger bang on top of it.

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The way he did it was to drive ninety miles an hour.—"My Old Man's Badge," by Ferguson Findley.

* * *

His complete works were assembled in a pocket-size volume, with a fine memorial tribute by somebody or other.

* * *

Fortune has been inveighing against "that infamous jargon which, for want of a better term, we'll call businesese," which is "twice as wordy as plain English." *Fortune* estimates the cost of the average business letter at from 75 cents to one dollar; by suppressing businesese, this figure, it maintains, could be cut by 20 cents. What this country needs, apparently, and might conceivably get, is a good 50-cent letter.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Wiggins, in "The Sign of the Four." 2. Patience Moran, in "The Boscombe Valley Mystery." 3. Edward Rucastle, in "The Adventure of the Copper Beeches." 4. Lucy Hebron, in "The Yellow Face." 5. Lord Saltire, in "The Adventure of the Priory School." 6. Cartwright, in "The Hound of the Baskervilles." 7. Billy, the page boy, in "The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone." 8. Jacky Ferguson, in "The Adventure of the Sussex Vampire."

NEW EDITIONS

FRIENDS of Father Brown will be pleased to find that "The Father Brown Omnibus" (Dodd, Mead, $3.50) contains every story that G. K. Chesterton ever wrote about the vague little priest whose face was "as round and dull as a Norfolk dumpling," whose "eyes were as empty as the North Sea," whose brown paper parcels were always in a state of uncontrollable disorder, and whose large shabby umbrella had a perverse habit of getting out of hand. These tales are, of course, the most preposterous that have ever been presented to a trusting public as stories of crime and detection. To believe in them even for an instant would require not only the famous Coleridgean suspension of disbelief, but the abandonment of any and all rational processes whatsoever. Father Brown's detective leaps in the dark are more often than not acts of faith by a man who could say with Tertullian—as could Chesterton himself—*Credo quia impossibile.* The liberties that Chesterton takes with his readers are those of a humorist who is having a great deal of fun. As good examples of just how incredible he dared to be, I recommend "The Flying Stars" and "The Vampire of the Village." But, if Chesterton enjoyed writing these yarns, as he so obviously did, we can read them with no less enjoyment. For Father Brown's creator does not ask us to believe in the priest's detective powers, or to make sense of the absurd plots through which the clerical sleuth miraculously threads his way. He asks only a chance to charm and amuse us—and he does. Father Brown's duels with the great criminal, Flambeau, and the other famous cases stand well apart from the main stream of rational, logical crime-and-detection fiction; but they promise to stand on their own merits for some time to come.

Agatha Christie's fiftieth mystery novel, "A Murder Is Announced" (Pocket Books, 25c) shows, as might be

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expected the marks of a practised hand. Characters are more than names, conversations are entertaining, the narrative moves easily but swiftly. Readers may find it fairly easy to guess whodunit; but the motive is not so readily discovered, and the basic scheme is ingenious. Far more ingenious, however, is the plot of John Dickson Carr's "He Who Whispers" (Bantam Books, 25c). Once again Mr. Carr performs the neat, fascinating trick of having a man murdered in circumstances that make murder apparently impossible. The detective work of Professor Rigaud, who believes in vampires, and of Dr. Fell—who does not—is interesting; the excitement of the story steadily increases as revelation follows revelation; the denouement is satisfactorily surprising but credible; and two attractive young women compete for the attention of masculine readers. What more could one ask for? Unless, of course, one happens to delight in the sadistic-masochistic mixture of which Raymond Chandler is the master purveyor, and "Farewell, My Lovely" (Pocket, 25c) a prime example. Mr. Chandler is criminally and damnably guilty of having raised up a host of imitators, but he should be allowed to remain at large as long as he stays a jump or two ahead of the best of them. His lead is not threatened at the moment.

THE BRILLIANT and enduring murder story, "Payment Deferred" (Bantam, 25c), is but one item that may be offered in evidence to prove that C. S. Forester is probably the most varsatile story-teller of our day, as well as one of the most successful. Other items are such strikingly different works of fiction as "The Gun," "The African Queen," "The General," and the vastly popular Hornblower series. Readers who have missed "The General" and "The Gun" should get them, for they are, I think, Mr. Forester's finest books.

Two more new Bantams are Patricia Highsmith's "Strangers on a Train" and Robert Parker's "Ticket to Oblivion." Murder is the theme of the first, espionage the theme of the second. Miss Highsmith's web is cunningly spun, her suspense cumulative, her book what is commonly known as a chiller. "Ticket to Oblivion" is packed with well-tested ingredients—Paris, a beautiful spy, an American agent who is supposed to be only a foreign correspondent, a gang of saboteurs and killers led by an enormously fat man—and enough action to keep Hitchcock's cameras turning for a month. Familiar ingredients, to be sure; but, as mixed by Robert Parker, they kept me happily reading.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

TV and Radio

MADISON AVENUE DIALOGUE

"HEY, MALC, have you been reading about this Ford grant that's going to finance a radio and TV workshop?"

"Ford Grant? Who's he?"

"No, Malc, I mean the Ford Foundation has granted $1,200,000 to a fund that's going to finance and produce public service and cultural programs for radio and television."

"Yeh? What else is new?"

"Hold it, Malc. Don't go sloughing this thing off. Do you know what it can mean to us here in this advertising agency? If they're going to start producing radio and TV shows where does that leave us?"

"Spin that again, will you, Spence? My happy pill is slow to get working this morning. Is this the Henry Ford people you're talking about?"

"Yeh, the Ford Foundation."

"And they're going to start producing programs out there in Detroit like they turn out those assembly line ca——"

"Detroit, hell. It's right here in New York—Madison avenue if you want to know. They've even got their radio program all set. It's called—let me see—what is that—here it is. It's called 'The People Act.'"

"How do you like that. We've been doing a charades program on TV for over a year now. They can't . . ."

"Hold it, Malc. This isn't charades. This is a program that's going to show how citizens band together to solve community problems."

"Oh. That sounds like one of those Sunday afternoon programs, Spence. You know—one of those clambakes that gets a fat two point something and after thirteen weeks they've got the Philharmonic in there."

"I don't know, Malc. They sound like they mean business."

"Sure, they all do, Spence. Remember that educational thing one of the networks had around their shop for about a year and they tried to palm it off on a sponsor we had in mind—I forget what it was. But you remember we got the network to give the show a trial run for a couple of months and they put it on Sunday afternoons at one-thirty and it got a fat one point four? Hahahaha."

"Hahahaha."

"Hahahaha."

"Can you imagine, Spence, if they'd have slipped that over on us instead of the one we came up with?"

"Sixteen point eight!"

"And the trend is UP! Did you hear it last night? This guy says a bachelor is a man who never makes the same mistake once."

"Hahahaha."

"Hahahaha."

"That was one yok we didn't have to soup."

"Hahahaha."

"But seriously, folks—I mean, Spence. You're not worried?"

"Well I'll tell you, Malc. I am and I'm not. Depends. There's a lot of talk around about education and culture these days. Especially in TV."

"But geez, Spence, we're giving the people what they want."

"Yeh, but I read where a guy said

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
A SHROUD FOR GRANDMA *Douglas Asche* (Scribner: $2.50)	Prig Abigail Longstreet finds Grandma, super-prig and Fifth Ave. recluse, deserted and just dead. Inspector Eliot confused by fantastic window-dressing and background of vulture relatives.	Excellent use of "family" as base for complication and motivation; style intelligent though slowed at first by over-insistence on detail, but pace picks up nicely.	Class A
THE NEW SHOE *Arthur W. Upfield* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Inspector Bonaparte, posing as sheepman, on holiday searches clues to naked body found two months before in Split Point's lighthouse; he unearths nobility as well as weakness.	Mystery grows logically out of nature of this Australian village, and Boney again seems most sensitive and human of all 'tecs we know. Excitement of crisis doubled by realism.	Expert criminology

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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the other day we ought to give the people what they deserve."

"Spence, you know what I always say—you can't change human nature."

"I buy that."

"Human nature is what the people want. Geez, Spence, don't we spend a fortune on surveys to find out what the people want? Look, when we started going into TV, didn't we take a poll and ask the people what they want—didn't we ask 'em do they want comedy, mystery, drama, vaudeville, or shows like 'Winner Take All'? We got it in black and white . . ."

"I know, Malc, but sometimes during the night I wake up and remember we didn't ask 'em if they want educational and cultural programs."

"But they *don't* want 'em. The ratings prove it—one point four—remember?"

"Hahahahaha."

"Hahahahaha."

"But seriously, fo—Spence—I don't see how this Ford Foundation can hurt us. If the people don't want educational or cultural programs, then they haven't got a—"

"Well, Malc, I keep thinking about a program like 'Meet the Press,' for instance. Not a bad rating—"

"OK. So that's the exception that proves the rule. It proves that the rule that people don't want those kind of shows is a good one. Every good rule has an exception. See what I mean, Spence?"

"Yes, but just the same if they start putting on these educational and cultural programs and the people start going for 'em, we're up the creek. If they're going to be producing 'em what do they need with us?"

"Look, Spence, there'll always be advertising men around. You can't change human nature."

"I don't know, Malc. I just don't know."

"Don't know what? Oh Cripes, why do they have to come horning in on our business? If they want to fool around with radio or television why don't they put one of their educational programs on their own show—instead of that shortnin' bread guy—what's his name—Malton."

"Oh no, these programs are for other sponsors. And let me tell you, Malc, if any network starts putting them on in a good time spot and they come up with a rating, where are we?"

"Oh they wouldn't do that, would they Spence?"

"They might, Malc. This Ford Foundation can put on the pressure."

"No kidding! Geez, I knew there was a Ford in my future, but I didn't know my future would get here this quick."

—GOODMAN ACE.

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I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, anecdotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address: Harrison Smith, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

WANTED: Secretary to President of small college. State qualifications and experience. Can interview in New York. Dr. Walter Hendricks, Marlboro, Vt.

VERMONT AUTUMN FOLIAGE. Completely equipped house, wide mountain view, $125 monthly, wood fuel free. WEST RIVER VALLEY REALTY, Jamaica, Vermont.

(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

JOB WANTED: 7 years' diversified experience as secretary, assistant to small manufacturer. College training. Available Sept. Box 696-H.

SUNDAY PAINTING PARTIES at country resort (beginners and advanced). Transportation, dinner, art materials and instructions, concert music, hotel facilities—everything for $10. Sept. 9, Sept. 23. Call MOnument 3-0757 before noon. GORDON STUDIOS, 114 West 109 St., NYC.

GENTLEMAN, refined; interested in people, books, travel, music; invites correspondence. Box 801-H.

IS THERE a Philadelphia or vicinity teacher, bachelor, thirtyish, who will seek or share apartment with fellow teacher? Box 802-H.

ALASKA SOURDOUGH STARTER—a new taste for SRL gourmets, an authentic starter such as grandma used to use making delicious hotcakes, rolls, waffles, bread, etc. Try it for evening buffet or Sunday brunch. It's original. Sourdough History and Recipe folder included. Airmailed anywhere in U.S. for $1 in currency: THE SOURDOUGH, Box 667-E, Fairbanks, Alaska.

YOUTH, artistic, scientific seeks correspondence girl of dreams. Box 806-H.

AMIABLE BUSINESS LADY, responsible, sincere, would enjoy correspondence with business or professional gentleman. Box 807-H.

TRANSPLANTED MATURE GENTLEMAN would appreciate adventurous, interesting feminine correspondence. Box 808-H.

SCHOOLS, COLLEGE LIBRARIANS, STUDENTS OF PACIFICANA: Special edition, Paradise of the Pacific, Hawaii's 63-year-old-magazine, contains up-to-date articles on little-known Micronesia and Trust Territory. Articles by Admirals Radford and Fiske, *Sir Peter Buck, Bishop Museum, anthropologists of* University of Hawaii. Illustrated with photographs, drawings made under sponsorship of U.S. Navy. Copies 30¢ each. Annual subscription $4.50, includes 12 issues plus Holiday Annual of 200 pages. PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC, LTD., P.O. Box 80, Honolulu 10, Hawaii.

YOUNG WOMAN, BA in history, seeks work and hours allowing study in dance, drama. Can live in. Manhattan preferred. Box 811-H.

SENSITIVE and personable young man, college, looking for permanent position. Box 812-H.

YOUNG COLLEGE PROFESSOR has apartment to share on Chicago's near north side. Box 813-H.

DON'T CLOSE YOUR HOUSE. Composer, with wife and civilized 5-year-old, has year's fellowship, seeks *quiet residence, rent free, in exchange custodian*ship; hour NYC. Box 814-H.

YOUNG SOLDIER with rotation blues desires Stateside correspondents. Box 819-H.

YOUNG MAN welcomes correspondence, mature only. *Likes sports.* Box 820-H.

YOUNG WOMAN interested dancing, outdoor life, friendly, sincere people. Will they write her? Box 821-H.

GENTLEMAN desires small errands, commissions, from traveler in Germany or Switzerland. Box 823-H.

CAPABLE YOUNG WOMAN, M.A., theatre, seeks community theatre position, any phase. Box 824-H.

EXCEPTIONAL HOUSEKEEPER-COOK for exceptional position, to begin about Sept. 15. Take full charge of home for 2 adults in NYC. Permanent. Give full qualifications, salary. Box 826-H.

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PENNSYLVANIA HILLS BUNGALOW comfortably and intellectually furnished, needs man living alone for year to keep it alive and pay utilities, heat. Box 834-H.

PERSONALS

HEMINGWAY FANS: 1½ liter Spanish wineskins; instructions for use included. Limited supply. $10, C.O.D. Box 827-H.

IS THERE a lonesome, sincere woman who appreciates kindness, character, thoughtfulness, loyalty, tenderness? Please write Box 828-H.

GUY desires correspondence with intelligent, interesting, optimistic gal. Box 829-H

COUNTRY LIVING, cultural environment, pocket money exchanged for household help in unusual farm-home-school. Children desirable. Box 830-H.

LIVELY PROFESSIONAL LADY, mature, wishes correspondence from older cultured gentleman. Box 831-H.

MALE WRITER, cultured background, traveled, invites correspondence from gal dillettante. Box 838-H.

COLLEGE GRADUATE seeks secretarial-apprentice job with drama critic. Box 839-H.

LITERATE, interested, although lazy and laconic *male, desires interesting correspondence.* Box 840-H.

RETIRED EXECUTIVE, age 48, willing to execute special or confidential assignments or missions. Discrete, reliable. Write Box 833-H.

POSITION WANTED: Accounting, bookkeeping; well qualified, experienced young lady with excellent references, attractive personality. Box 835-H.

BOOK SHELVES BULGING? Be philanthropic! Donate your extra books to an energetic college with more literary enthusiasm than library funds. No conditional gifts, please. Address English Department, SEATTLE PACIFIC COLLEGE, Seattle 99, Wash.

YOUNG, unemployed male teacher, M.A. (English, psychology, journalism), desires lift via job or correspondence. Box 837-H.

VERY CONTINENTAL, slightly Victorian, bit conservative, but otherwise generally considered broad-minded, witty, entertaining foreign gentlemen, would enjoy exchanging correspondence with lady of similar tastes. Perfect English, knows American ways. Good mixer, loves people, though doesn't dance. Good talker but good listener too. Loves the Big City *but also the mountains and the seas. Hates radio,* abhors television. Never saw a ballgame and hopes never to have to. Likes opera, operettas, shows, good food, but above all the grand art of conversation. Carries his drink well. Doesn't like concert music, the speaking stage, poetry, lectures. Admires chic and savoir vivre above mere beauty. Can't afford luxury, but loves reasonable comfort which he can. Box 653-H.

PERSONALS

"GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE" Air Cruises to the Carribbean. See Nassau, Havana, Jamaica, other gay resorts. Stop-over privileges anywhere. For folder inquire of BOAC, 342 Madison Ave., NYC 17; telephone MUrray Hill 7-8900.

WANTED: to exchange children's bookplates. Metta Loomis, 315 North LaGrange Road, LaGrange, Illinois.

VACATIONS

SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt., provides best in country vacations.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

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SEPTEMBER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Country splendor. The Mastertons. Brandon, Vermont.

NAIDNI ON LAKE DUNMORE, Brandon, Vermont. Unusual simplicity, good food, boating, fishing, swimming, beautiful walks. No planned entertainment.

BLUESPRUCE LANDING, West Brooksville, Maine. *Peaceful seaside vacation. Private estate.*

CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Mass. Perfect for Labor Day weekend or vacation until Sept. 16. September is lovely in the Berkshires. Rustic lodge and cabins on a charming lake; tennis, other sports. Jacob's Pillow, Berkshire Playhouse nearby. Excellent food, informal, friendly; moderate rates. Folder.

SPLENDID VACATION SPOT, informal, friendly, home-grown food, water sports. BRIDGE ROAD FARM, Lake Bomoseen, Vt.

BOULDER BROOK on Lake Kezar, Center Lovell, Maine, is wonderful in September.

MERRIEBROOK, POUGHQUAG, NEW YORK. Peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. North Clove 2421.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A father who sacrificed his daughter for victory in battle (Bib.).	147 47 9 20 30 135 95 101
B. Refuse; dross.	143 166 177 103 134 17 83
C. Great German sculptor whose fountain in memory of Heine is now in New York City (1846-1917).	68 129 107 117 73 169
D. Ingenuousness.	85 13 25 138 31 62 174
E. Site of United Nations Monetary Conference, July 1-22, 1944.	183 111 56 176 94 165 125 19 156 60 137 28
F. Supervises.	7 76 66 24 104 92 131 157
G. A great observatory in the United States, named for the man who financed it.	5 188 164 12 84 58
H. Having a halo, esp. round the head.	70 80 161 123 114 127 42 54
I. Parts of an automobile.	86 45 61 122 57
J. Novel by Frank Norris, 1901, one of a planned trilogy on American wheat.	118 113 71 148 59 153 99
K. One born a serf (feudal law).	175 160 102 144
L. The order of mammals consisting of man, apes, monkeys, etc.	33 182 21 115 146 109 82 93
M. Stormed wildly or excitedly.	78 110 159 167 124 187 105 151
N. Annoyed; bored.	185 149 126 77 130

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. A Negro of the most powerful of the Yoruba peoples; their dialect.	108 150 162 142
P. Impressive cone, California, of an extinct volcano covered with glaciers; 14,162 feet.	81 128 10 88 46 98
Q. A huntsman's halloo at sight of the fox.	6 63 140 154 112 23 120
R. Theatrical club founded in New York City, 1875, now including all fine arts.	65 168 3 152 121
S. King of the West Saxons, 802-839, first to bring all English under one overlord.	27 91 64 32 179 132
T. The payment of miners according to the linear yards of advance in certain work (mining).	40 172 11 75 181 90 116
U. Wild; savage; bestial.	180 15 44 69 141
V. First name of a pitcher for the Reds used recently in an all-star game.	38 34 43 50 170 55
W. Small ships used in harbor traffic in China, Japan, etc.	29 133 52 2 4 16 26
X. Wind instrument, used in a band or orchestra.	79 119 89 173 41 51 67
Y. Temporary.	139 8 39 18 184 171 145
Z. Applied in Ireland to certain national schools.	14 163 158 100 136 186
Z.1 English actress, loaned to this country; with Paul Robeson in "Othello," etc. (1907-).	74 49 37 106 48 178 155 96
Z.2 A jug or vase for oils, etc., a common funeral offering (class. archaeol.).	97 53 22 35 36 72 1 87

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

										1 Z²	2 W		3 R	4 W	5 G	6 Q	7 F	8 Y	
9 A	10 P	11 T	12 G		13 D	14 Z	15 U	16 W	17 B	18 Y		19 E	20 A	21 L	22 Z²	23 Q
	24 F	25 D	26 W	27 S	28 E		29 W	30 A	31 D	32 S	33 L	34 V	35 Z²		36 Z²	37 Z¹
38 V		39 Y	40 T	41 X	42 H	43 V	44 U	45 I	46 P	47 A	48 Z¹		49 Z¹	50 V	51 X	52 W
53 Z²	54 H		55 V	56 E	57 I	58 G		59 J	60 E	61 I	62 D	63 Q	64 S	65 R	66 F	
67 X	68 C	69 U	70 H		71 J	72 Z²	73 C		74 Z¹	75 T	76 F	77 N	78 M	79 X	80 H	81 P
82 L	83 B	84 G	85 D	86 I	87 Z²		88 P	89 X	90 T	91 S	92 F	93 L	94 E		95 A	96 Z¹
	97 Z²	98 P	99 J	100 Z		101 A	102 K	103 B		104 F	105 M	106 Z¹	107 C	108 O	109 L	110 M
111 E	112 Q		113 J	114 H	115 L	116 T		117 C	118 J		119 X	120 Q	121 R	122 I	123 H	124 M
125 E	126 N		127 H	128 P	129 C		130 N	131 F	132 S	133 W	134 B	135 A	136 Z	137 E		138 D
139 Y	140 Q	141 U	142 O		143 B	144 K		145 Y	146 L	147 A	148 J	149 N		150 O		151 M
	152 R	153 J	154 Q	155 Z¹	156 E	157 F	158 Z		159 M	160 K	161 H	162 O	163 Z	164 G		165 E
166 B		167 M	168 R	169 C	170 V	171 Y	172 T	173 X	174 D	175 K	176 E		177 B	178 Z¹	179 S	
180 U	181 T	182 L	183 E	184 Y	185 N	186 Z	187 M	188 G								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

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